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CONTENTS

Comments . . . . Page 217
Partition and Defence 219
"The Fault of the Dutch." By Woodrow Wyatt, M.P. 220
A London Diary. By Critic 220
This England 221
Sprouts. By Sagittarius 222
The Deeper Notes. By Giles Romilly . . 222
Brave New World in Czechoslovakia. By Alexander Werth 223
Jute and Dundee. By Morgan Thomson . 223
Michael Scott and the Herreros. By Freda White 224
So They Say . . . By Autolycus . . . 225
The Angel. By Stephen Spender . . . 225
The Arts and Entertainment:
The Movies. By William Whitebait . . 225
Radio Notes. By William Salter . . . 225
An Exhibition. By Patrick Heron . . 226
Correspondence 228
From W. R. Fuller; Ernest Green; Brig. Dorman-Smith; Sir David Keir; Boris Temkov; Dennis Chapman; A. Christiansen; Alec S. Gillan; J. O. C. Dalton; Bernard Martin; and C. L. Hodgkinson.
Books in General. By Peter Quennell . Page 231
Reviews:
Post-atomic Sex. By Anthony West . . 232
Redeeming the Time. By R. D. Smith. . 233
Reading Without Tears. By Naomi Lewis 234
The Habsburgs. By Leonard Woolf . . 235
Essays. By J. D. Scott 236
Gramophone Notes. By Desmond Shawe-Taylor 236
Week-end Competitions 238

LIBERATION IS NOT ENOUGH

Tested in August, 1914, the Second International, which was supposed to call a general strike against war, failed to stem at any point the violence of national passion. In the 1930's, the appeal of nationalism was strong enough to bind workers to totalitarian regimes which Socialist logic should have led them to oppose. In 1939, as M. Spaak acidly recalled in Brussels last Sunday, the Soviet Union contracted out of the anti-Fascist front and made a pact with Nazi Germany. In 1941, Hitler could invade the U.S.S.R. with a German army which must have contained many thousands who had voted Communist in the Weimar Republic. Today, Communism has substituted for the old Socialist tradition of international brotherhood a new conception of internationalism based on loyalty to the Kremlin as the sole custodian of true doctrine.

Pressed to say what the attitude of the French Communist Party would be in a Third World War, M. Thorez has retorted that, by definition, "the country of Socialism" could not pursue a policy of aggression and war, whereas the French Government is "actively collaborating with Anglo-Saxon imperialists" and tolerating the presence of "a foreign general staff in Fontainbleau." Starting from this premise, he said:

> If the common efforts of all liberty-loving and peace-loving Frenchmen do not succeed in bringing our country into the camp of democracy and peace; if, as a result, our people were dragged against their will into an anti-Soviet war; and if, under these conditions, the Soviet Army defending the people's cause and the cause of Socialism was led to pursue the aggressors right onto our soil—could the workers, the people of France, behave differently towards the Soviet Army than the workers and people of Poland, Rumania and Yugoslavia?

Signor Togliatti, in his turn, has asserted that he repudiates the idea that the Soviet Union has the slightest intention of attacking any country; but, in the hypothetical case of the Red Army "pursuing an aggressor onto Italian soil," the Italian people "would have the evident duty to aid the Soviet Army in the most efficient way to give that aggressor the lesson he deserves." Finally, Mr. Harry Pollitt has announced that "in the event of an imperialist aggressive war against the U.S.S.R.," the British Communist Party would "reply in the same way as Ernest Bevin in 1920—organise strikes and Councils of Action to prevent that war from being carried through."

Given the assumption underlying all three statements—that, in a Third World War, the Soviet Union would be the innocent victim of an aggressive attack by Western capitalist imperialism—the declarations of Communist policy are obvious and logical. Indeed, if the questioners hoped to elicit admissions of technically treasonable intention, it is doubtful if they have succeeded. Many British non-Communists, following the respectable tradition of the Liberal "pro-Boers" of 1900, would deny the right of the State to command the unquestioning allegiance of its citizens in support of an imperialist war. Indeed every thoughtful supporter of the United Nations must agree that it is the citizen's duty to oppose his Government if it commits aggression. The hypothesis, however, which Messrs. Thorez, Togliatti and Pollitt have advanced is somewhat unreal. Wars happen in circumstances in which both sides invariably claim that the sword is being unsheathed for impeccable motives. In the case of the Finnish war of 1939, which was regarded as aggression by most of the world, Communists hold that the Russian invasion was defensive because Hitler was about to make a base of Finland. The truth is that when war actually begins, patriotism becomes relative, and it is difficult to differentiate between treason and heroism. The French Resistance in 1941-45 was definitely an act of treason against the legally constituted Government of Marshal Pétain. Yet who praised it in warmer terms than Mr. Churchill? Or again, what but praise had any anti-Fascist the world over for those who had the moral courage to join the Underground in Nazi Germany?

Some anti-Communists believe that the Soviet Union is in fact intending some day to launch a war of aggression against the Western world. Most, perhaps all, Communists, believe that an aggressive war against the U.S.S.R. and the people's democracies of Western Europe is in preparation. If either are right—and for the purpose of this argument it makes little difference which—the extremists in both camps will find little need to examine their consciences: they have irrevocably taken sides in a struggle for world mastery at no matter what cost in chaos and suffering. However the war began, Communists everywhere would assist the U.S.S.R. How could they do otherwise? The arguments advanced by the anti-Soviet forces are almost equally irrelevant. The sympathy which Mr. Churchill expressed at Brussels for the rights and aspirations of the common people will do little to offset his admission that the European Movement aims not merely to make Western Europe a bastion against attack, but also forcibly to "liberate" peoples of Central and Eastern Europe from Soviet domination by means of the atom diplomacy whose lines he sketched at Llandudno.

The plain truth is that Europe has had too much of being liberated. Whether the next act of liberation would be performed by the Red Army in the name of the dispossessed workers, or by American bombers in the cause of economic freedom and civil liberties is an issue less relevant to the people of Europe than whether they are again to be engulfed in the misery and suffering which would be the prelude to such "liberation". Their concern is, quite simply, not to have war at all. They are not yet prepared to accept the pessimistic fatalism which appears to inspire the extremists on either side.

Shanklin House-Party

Shanklin was greatly publicised last week-end, when the Labour Party Executive had an informal session there with Ministers to consider the draft of a *Next Five Years'* programme in readiness for the Party Conference. The publicity was the greater because of the silly story run by a number of newspapers, that a snap election might follow Labour's victory at Hammersmith. There was no basis for this *canard* but it helped to give news-value to a meeting that was in any case important. The Labour Party was trying to solve the potentially awkward problem of the relative shares to be taken by its parliamentary leaders, the elected Party Executive, and the Annual Conference in deciding the issues on which the next General Election is to be fought. This is a complicated matter: the Party seems to be tackling it, as in 1945, by having first a programme drawn up by the Executive in consultation with the Ministers for submission to the Party Conference, and then, later, an election programme, based on the main programme, but chosen from it by the Executive, again in consultation with the Ministers, but without further reference to the Conference. This leaves the leaders free, not to flout party opinion, but to choose priorities—a very important weapon. What the main programme will contain no one yet accurately knows. Probably not a great deal of further nationalisation, but some, as against the policy of "consolidation only" favoured in some quarters; probably quite a lot of control over "monopolies" and some attempt to reduce middleman's rake-off without falling foul of the Co-operatives; probably a more active development policy to stimulate the efficiency of private industry; possibly an endeavour to cheapen house-construction. But what else?

Mr. Mayhew's "Indiscretion"

The repercussions of Mr. Mayhew's speech at Lake Success, in which he referred to the virtually complete "recovery" already accomplished by Britain, are a reminder that there is still a considerable section of Congress which requires to be assured that the recipients of Marshall Aid are not having an easy time at Uncle Sam's expense, and that E.R.P. dollars are not being used to finance a Socialist welfare State. Sir Stafford Cripps lost no time in putting Mr. Mayhew's optimism in its correct perspective: Britain's over-all balance of payments certainly now approaches equilibrium—an achievement which seemed remote a year ago—but in the next Marshall Aid year the cost of our minimum imports from the dollar area will exceed by a billion dollars the most we can hope for in the way of dollar earnings. The question which Mr. Hoffman had to deal with in his evidence before the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate was whether the proposed allocation of $940 millions could be scaled down by making a further cut in the British import programme. He appears to have satisfied the Committee that any sizeable reduction in the programme would have the effect either of reducing British diet to a level lower than that of 1945, or curtailing imports of raw materials to a point seriously prejudicial to the attainment of our export targets. It seems unlikely, therefore, that Congress will fail to sanction next year's proposed allocation of aid to this country. The most disconcerting feature in the whole affair is the discovery that a number of Senators still seem unable to distinguish between a over-all balance of payments and the elimination of dollar shortage.

The Austrian Treaty

The prospects of agreement by the Foreign Ministers' deputies on the draft of an Austrian peace treaty seem to be diminishing. So far as the claims of the Soviet Union are concerned, the gap to be bridged between East and West is no longer large, but the problem of Carinthia is still a serious stumbling block. The Yugoslavs have modified substantially their earlier claims: they are evidently prepared to accept a compromise in the matter of reparations, and it seems likely that, so far as frontier rectification is concerned, they would be satisfied with the cession by Austria of three Carinthian districts lying south of the River Drava and containing a Slovene majority. The Austrian Foreign Minister, Dr. Gruber, however, has shown no sign of willingness to accept such a compromise solution. He has stated that he is prepared to consider how to meet Yugoslav complaints about Austrian operation of the power stations on the Drava, and that the Austrian Government "might assent" to incorporating in the peace treaty a clause guaranteeing protection for the Slovene-speaking minority in Austria. He flatly declined to accept any frontier revision, any liability to pay reparations to Yugoslavia, or any scheme, on the lines suggested by the Yugoslav representative, Dr. Bebler, for an autonomous regime for Slovenes in Carinthia. Dr. Gruber presumably is relying on Anglo-American support for his attitude. The Western Powers, for their part, appear to have calculated that, as a result of the quarrel between the Yugoslav Communist party and the Cominform, the Soviet Union would on this occasion withdraw support from Yugoslavia. A rash calculation.

The New Delhi Conference

New Delhi is rapidly becoming the metropolis of Asia. Last Sunday, Burma's neighbours met together with representatives of the United Kingdom to discuss ways and means of helping her to meet the difficult situation caused by the revolt of a large section of the Karens, helped in some cases by the Communists. This rebellion has serious repercussions throughout the countries of India and South-East Asia, for Burma is their rice granary. The Burmese Government recently approached the British Government for a loan to finance the export of its rice harvest as well as for military supplies. This was a natural request, not least because, until a year ago, Burma's economy was almost entirely based on British firms and organised in their interests. Today, the political as well as the economic storms of South-East Asia have reached a desperate pitch in Burma, not only for the Burmese people but for neighbouring countries. This meeting in New Delhi, called to discuss a particular crisis, may in fact lead to the planning of a South-East Asia group of nations whose problems are similar, whose economy is interdependent, and whose strategic zoning was recognised in S.E.A.C. during the Second World War. The immediate outcome of the meeting is the despatch of "suggestions" to Thakin Nu, the Burmese Prime Minister, who was not represented but was kept fully informed of the conference.

The Dutch and the Security Council

We publish this week a remarkable cable, dispatched from Indonesia by Mr. Woodrow Wyatt, M.P., after interviews with the Dutch authorities and with the Indonesian leaders still detained in Bangka. It will be noticed that Mr. Wyatt began by accepting the good faith of the Dutch, but concludes that nothing less than a threat of "Sanctions" will induce them to accept the ruling of Uno and so bring the struggle with the Indonesian Republic to an end. Mr. Wyatt's experience has been that of every objective observer in Indonesia from Lt.-General Christison onwards. The United Nations Commission which has now returned the entire case to the Security Council, finding that guerilla and more general warfare are actually increasing as a result of the Dutch failure to observe the Resolution of January 28th. The Commission makes it clear that the Dutch proposal to hold a Conference at the Hague is merely the latest trick to deceive the world into thinking that the present Dutch Government is genuinely seeking a fair settlement.

Wages Front

The busmen have got half of what they asked for—time and a quarter for Saturday afternoon, with a face-saving proviso that the concession is only temporary. On the other hand, the railway hotel and restaurant staffs have had their claims rejected; and, as they are one section of a general claim put forward on behalf of the whole body of railway workers, the rejection has a much wider significance than appears at first sight. Coming immediately after the refusal of the N.U.M.'s demands on the National Coal Board, it appears to indicate an intention to resist, for the time being, large claims based mainly on the cost of living, and to maintain the "wages stop," apart from concessions given here and there upon special grounds coming within the permitted list of exemptions. Actually, the cost of living index has moved very little in recent months. It rose 8 points between June, 1947, when the new index came into force, and April, 1948; but since then it has hovered between 110 and 108, standing at 109 at the end of last year. Clothing prices, however, were then up by 15 points, as against 8 points for food; and fuel and light had risen by nearly 14 points. Clothing especially has given the ordinary consumer a sharp sense of rising costs, and so have the high prices asked for semi-luxury goods that have recently come back on the market. There is undoubtedly more discontent than there was with the "wages-stop," especially when earnings, as distinct from wage-rates, have fallen because of less overtime or less highly-paid piecework.

No "Salaries Stop"?

Following upon the rise in higher Civil Service salaries comes the announcement of large increases in the emoluments of professors and other teachers in university medical and dental faculties. As many, if not most of these teachers were already being paid much more than their colleagues in other university faculties, it can hardly be doubted that the already strong demand for increases in university salaries generally will have to be met. If it is, the dissatisfaction among the higher ranges of schoolmastering will be intensified. Similarly, the claims of doctors in the local authority services will have to be conceded, at least in part (the B.M.A. is already refusing to accept advertisements for the position of M.O.H. at the existing rates); and in this field there will be repercussions on other branches of the local government service. The concessions to the higher Civil Service and to the higher ranges of the medical profession seem likely to set going an irresistible movement for salary increases that will spread *via* other professions to the entire black-coated proletariat. The effects will not end there; for can it be expected that the trade unions will continue to hold their members back when it appears that there is no "salaries stop" corresponding to the "wages stop" which the Government is still doing its best to maintain?

Free Houses?

One of the most reasonable Private Members' Bills is Mr. Geoffrey Bing's proposal to abolish tied houses. There are some 800 free houses in this country today against 69,000-odd tied houses. The big breweries maintain a close control over the premises they own, which provide them with the bulk of their profits, and dictate to the licensee what brands of beer and liquors he may stock. Almost without exception, the tied house must take its supplies of draught from the brewery which owns it and, if the licensee wishes to offer his customers other brands in bottle, he must purchase them through his brewery and pay a royalty above the market cost to compensate the brewery for its generosity in permitting this limited competition with its own products. The breweries, moreover, regulate his supply of scarce spirits, and there are instances where the brewery has cut down whisky quotas to its own tenants to build up stocks for release to free houses on condition they switch to the brewery's draught. This Bill is intended to abolish the tie, restrictive covenants of this kind having been driven out of other trades long ago, and to give the licensee reasonable freedom of choice, thus restoring real competition to a trade peculiarly subject to monopoly conditions. The Bill also provides the licensee with security of tenure, as long as he conducts his premises within normal legal and financial rules—a necessary change to protect the licensee from unreasonable eviction or rack-renting. Clearly, this Bill is a sensible measure, but it is also far more of a threat to the privileged position of the big breweries than the proposal for State ownership of public houses in the New Towns. The House of Commons would be justified in passing it. But it will have to face a furious onslaught from the brewing interests.

IN PARLIAMENT: Blood and Sport

Wednesday

Among the opponents of the Protection of Animals Bill were the Minister of Agriculture and someone who looked like Maurice Webb. The faces were familiar, but the voices didn't fit. When the Minister ambled out of the "No" Lobby behind the Tories, Members recalled Boles's account of the carted stag that came trotting home with the pack.

Boles's stag at least "got a bite of good grass." Whether the nine Chairmen of County Agricultural Executive Committees, who told the Minister to say good-bye to cropping targets if the Bill went through, will give him equal comfort has yet to be established. The Front Bench (twenty-four of them), their retainers and the dutiful (thirty-one), having considered the threat and the farmers' views, followed the Minister, abandoning the old Labour conscience about blood-sports to the rest of the backbenchers. As for the Tories, they left their own humanitarian tradition safely in the hands of Carson; their respect for blood-sports to all their other Members present, including Lady Davidson, who spoke so affectingly not long ago in favour of capital punishment.

The speeches of Seymour Cocks, the Mover, and Carson, the Seconder, both had a distinguished ancestry. Throughout the nineteenth century, since Sheridan in 1800 opposed bull-baiting, Members have fought in the House, often against the wishes of their constituents, to end cruelty to animals. Seymour Cocks, eloquent, humane, untouched by any motive but compassion, gave pause to the rollicking mood of the Bill's critics. He had supporters on his own side. Carson, a lonely voice against the Tory halloo in the House and in Thanet, spoke with the fervour of one who advances in a politically suicidal cause.

This brave speech was an adequate reply to Winterton's sour aspersions on the personal courage of some opponents of blood-sports. When Sheridan answered similar charges by a squirelet who claimed that bull-baiting stimulated courage, endurance and physical fitness, he said, "Then let the bull loose! —That will raise the gallant pride of a warlike populace."

Nor did Winterton think it unchivalrous to give another jab to dead Wilde, whose epigram on fox-hunting was quoted by Cocks. Winterton's general theme was that opponents of hunting are often sexually thwarted, and find compensation in an undue affection for animals. That is a case for psychiatry, not for a Bill. Perhaps when Kinsey turns his attention to sexual behaviour in the British, he will determine whether to stroke a cat is a greater mark of frustration than to straddle a hunter.

In a debate where there is deep, conscientious feeling, Members will respect each other's views, however much opposed, provided that they are sincere and free from cant. Both Sir Jocelyn Lucas, supporting the Bill's rejection, and Anthony Greenwood, the Bill's chief sponsor, were, therefore, heard with a courtesy denied to others who had undergone a recent conversion, or favoured blood-sports because their constituents liked them.

The debate cut across friendships and separated town and country. Members for rural constituencies voting for the most part against the Bill. Yet when Philips Price shouted "Nonsense!" to Kenyon who had said, "The overwhelming feelings of our movement are in favour of this Bill," it was a case of one Labour farmer being emphatic to another Labour farmer. A national complication was introduced by Professor Gruffydd's claim that it would be as difficult to find a working man in Wales in favour of blood-sports as it would be to see a blue moon. He had obviously overlooked the Welsh miner and his whippets. Such are the pitfalls of nationalism.

By the time Anthony Greenwood was half-way through his admirable winding-up speech, it was clear from the elated faces of his opponents that the Bill was lost. "The loud applause, to hunting horn accompaniment" which he quoted as having punctuated Collins' speech in West Somerset, had drowned the quieter voices of the Bill's supporters. There remained to them the satisfaction that their cause was advertised, and that Smithers' shout of "Yoicks!" when the division was declared, was the last word of the day but not of the debate.

Maurice Edelman

PARTITION AND DEFENCE

The election in the Six Counties was staged to demonstrate that Sir Basil Brooke and his colleagues have the Protestant majority of Northern Ireland solidly behind them in their determination to maintain partition. For them the case for remaining part of the United Kingdom is beyond argument. Some Ulster businessmen may speculate on the advantages of an Irish Republic with a small income tax and shake their heads over the Socialism of the United Kingdom and the possible decline in the prosperity of the Six Counties if the world market for Irish linen dries up. But the truth is that the pros and cons of partition do not seriously affect the situation in Northern Ireland. Some day Protestant workers may vote as Socialists rather than as Protestants. To-day, the religious issue is paramount. If the fullest possible guarantees of future autonomy were offered to Northern Ireland; if it could be proved that the Six Counties would immediately profit by Irish unity; if the Government in Dublin were composed exclusively of angels—no such considerations would at all affect the case. Belfast has decided on grounds that have little to do with reason to maintain partition whatever the cost. Ulster's determination has been reinforced by Eire's neutrality during the war and by its recent declaration of Republicanism.

Mr. Sean MacBride, Minister of External Relations, has made it clear that his Government is no less determined than its predecessors to end partition. The Irish Government sees partition as the last of the grievances that divides England from Ireland. Mr. MacBride would prefer that the matter should be settled "amongst ourselves." If not, Eire would welcome suggestions from any friendly source—which presumably means the United Nations Assembly or, more probably, a Member State of the Commonwealth.

What steps can Eire take to overcome the resolute opposition of the Six Counties? Rumours, sedulously fostered in the Six Counties, that the I.R.A. may be plotting a military attack on Ulster, are absurd. Mr. De Valera had already crushed the I.R.A. before and during the war; the decision to create a Republic has completed its dissolution. Some hotheads might again talk about using violence if no progress had been made towards ending partition in the course of the next five years, but they would be a small and unimportant group. The mass of the people in Southern Ireland care comparatively little about partition; it is a wrong which they hope will be righted some day and about which it is possible to arouse enthusiasm amongst a minority when the politicians see fit. But the politicians know well that one of the results of Irish neutrality during the war has been to increase the sentimental and strategic bonds between Britain and the Six Counties. The Government of Eire could not for a minute think in terms of force because it knows that any British Government to-day would defend Northern Ireland, if attacked, just as automatically as it would Kent or Yorkshire if either were attacked by a hostile Power. On this point Mr. Attlee gave Sir Basil Brooke a verbal assurance, which is likely to take legislative form.

Force then is ruled out. A United Ireland can only be obtained by consent. That may come in course of time through the process of economic development, aided by the higher birth-rate in Catholic families. This is likely to be a long process. It would seem, on the face of it, that there is only one profitable approach to the subject open to the Government of Eire. Raising partition as an international issue, which Mr. MacBride seems to contemplate, cannot be effective. But the Dublin Government has one important card in its hands. America and Britain desire Southern Ireland to come into the Atlantic Pact.

This at once raises the issues of joint defence which confronted Mr. De Valera in 1940-41, when Ireland expected to be invaded. If Hitler had landed there is no doubt that the overwhelming majority of Southern as well as Northern Irishmen would have resisted. Many thousands of Southern Irishmen were fighting in the British Army or serving in the R.A.F.—a fact which was well known but, in view of Irish neutrality, it was more tactful not to mention. The few German parachutists who were dropped in Southern Ireland were quickly picked up, and spies, who landed on the West coast, were reported to the police by peasants and arrested within a few hours of their arrival. The Germans did not, in fact, make any use of the Treaty Ports. "There is no doubt," as the Irishman said, "on which side Ireland was neutral." It seemed a good moment to co-ordinate the defence of Southern Ireland with that of the Six Counties.

It is an open secret that exploratory discussion on these lines took place between Mr. De Valera and Mr. Malcolm MacDonald. They came to nothing, perhaps because Mr. De Valera could obtain no guarantee of the end of partition. As the war went on neutrality grew in popularity. In 1941, everyone in Dublin feared that Ireland would be drawn into war. A year later the Irish had come to regard neutrality not as a lucky reprieve, but as a positive Irish policy. The disadvantages inflicted on Britain by Irish neutrality have been greatly exaggerated. If the Irish ports had been used by the British, the temptation to the Germans to invade Ireland would have been much greater. Moreover, the other Irish ports were not strategically as important to Britain as those which we were actually able to use in the North. These were certainly valuable in aiding convoys in difficult days to reach Glasgow and Liverpool. Even so, it is not certain whether the narrow channel could not have been effectively controlled from Scotland alone. However that may be, what both the British and Americans needed in Ireland, from a strategical point of view, was not so much the use of ports as the use of air bases from which it would have been easier to intercept German submarines in the Atlantic. If they were candid, strategists would agree that, in time of war, Britain's first interest is that Ireland should not be in hostile hands; after that, Britain is concerned not so much with using Irish ports as with the organisation of the whole country as a source of food, as a hinterland for dispersal of factories, and as an area in which bases can be found for patrolling aircraft.

The Costello Cabinet is now confronted with the problem that faced Mr. De Valera. It first has to decide whether neutrality is still the right policy for Ireland. The arguments in favour of keeping out of a third world war are particularly strong in the case of a small, non-industrialised country with a population of less than four millions. Small countries can play no important part in such a war. Adherence to the Atlantic Pact might merely be an invitation to destruction. No one should blame Eire if she decides to maintain, at all costs, a policy of strict neutrality. If she does make that decision, however, it follows that she must for a long time to come give up all idea of a United Ireland.

How far is the idea of forming Eire into an "Atlantic Switzerland" realistic? There is the indisputable fact that Irish Catholics are less likely to seek neutrality in considering a war against the Soviet Union than in a war against Germany. There are few countries where propaganda against Communism is so united; every parish priest teaches that atheist Russia is the 20th-century Anti-Christ. The influence of the Church would certainly be thrown into the scales against neutrality. It would therefore be no surprise if the present Government of Eire were to decide that neutrality is no longer to be taken for granted, especially if the end of neutrality might be the beginning of the end of partition.

Sir Basil Brooke readily agrees that Eire should join the Atlantic Pact and seek joint defence of Ireland. But he argues that no constitutional results would follow. The facts might prove otherwise. Like all formulas, Eire's slogan, "No Atlantic Pact until partition is ended," may be elastically interpreted. Acceptance of the Pact involves plans for defending the whole of Ireland as a unit. Could the present barriers between North and South survive joint defence discussions? Eire probably could not agree to join the Pact unless it opened the way to unity, because too many Southern Irish would in that case remember their grievance rather than the need for defence. The slogan that ties defence to partition may, however, be interpreted as meaning that joining the Atlantic Pact will only be acceptable if accompanied by private assurances that partition and defence will be discussed and solved together. No bargain is possible; an understanding is not inconceivable. The initiative cannot come from Southern Ireland; it will not come from the North. If this possibility is to be explored, the first approach would best come from one of the friendly Dominions.

"THE FAULT OF THE DUTCH"

(By cable from Bangka, Indonesia)

It seemed so simple down in Batavia, that Saturday. Dr. Beel, High Representative of the Dutch Crown, was back from The Hague with a new plan—a plan to wipe the slate clean and start again. The Security Council resolution demanded an Interim Government by March 15th, and complete independence by July, 1950. Very well, the Dutch would go one better. The new proposals were for a conference at The Hague on March 12th to discuss the immediate transfer of sovereignty, long before the middle of 1950, perhaps in a couple of months. And the liberty of the Republican leaders? All restrictions, ran the communiqué, were to be lifted. The Dutch officials would at once consult with them in their island prison, find out where they wanted to go and send them there.

I saw Dr. Beel shortly after his return from The Hague, and I was impressed with his confidence and sincerity. "If only the Republicans will trust us now," he said, "all will be well. They can have everything they want. The Government at home realises that it must hand over. The Republicans have a great opportunity: we are even prepared to dispense with an Interim Government." Anak Ageung, the Prime Minister of East Indonesia, and Sultan Hamid, the ruler of West Borneo, thought much the same. Ageung had resigned when the Dutch took military action against the Republic in December. But now he felt that they could go forward. He was against an Interim Government, and would take a common stand with the Republicans in refusing to accept it. Sultan Hamid was equally emphatic that any conference at The Hague would see a common front between the Federal Government representatives and the Republicans. He believed that there should be an Interim Government; but, if the Republicans did not want it, he would be prepared to back them to the limit.

The fourteen Federal Governments cover, since the "police action" of July, 1947, rather more than two-thirds of the territory of Indonesia, and include two-thirds of the population. Some were creations *de novo* of the Dutch, others had some basis of reality. All had been accused of being Dutch puppets. As Ageung and Hamid are the most influential Federalist leaders, their remarks are encouraging. They did not talk like puppets. It is true that among the Federalists there was the hint of a suggestion that, if the Republicans would not come in, they would take over sovereignty by themselves. But that was still only a tiny hint, and it would be an understandable course if the Republicans were to be awkward out of a love for making difficulties.

I began to feel warmer towards the Dutch. At last they were really trying to do what should have been done three years ago. The great truth that you cannot govern a people if they are desperately against you had begun, I thought, to dawn upon the Dutch. The Dutch commercial mind was becoming aware of the sound business maxim that better trade can be done with a nation that has received the unreserved gift of freedom than with a nation bent on hostility. To make sure that the world should witness the change of heart, the Dutch also decided to invite the United Nations Commission for Indonesia to The Hague. I hurried to the island of Bangka to see the imprisoned Republican Cabinet, feeling that the solution everyone wanted was at hand.

But Dr. Gieben had been there before me. Gieben is a member of the Dutch delegation that has been arguing with the Republican representatives these last years. He is also head of the Department of Justice for the Dutch East Indies. He is a man of importance, and, since he had already talked to Dr. Beel, his interpretation of the new proposals should carry weight. "Oh, yes," he had told the Republican Cabinet, "you can go exactly where you want." "To Jogjakarta?" they asked. "I am afraid you can't go there," he replied, "but anywhere else." "What do you mean by sovereignty?" "It is only my personal opinion," remarked Dr. Gieben, "but I think it would work like this. The United States of Indonesia would assume full sovereignty, but with certain exceptions at the outset. For example, Defence, Foreign Affairs, Finance and one or two other little things would be managed by us for a bit. I can't say for how long. Then, when those powers are handed over, there will be the question of the Dutch relationship with the native princes, which is still governed by special treaty."

If Dr. Gieben is right, this means that the Dutch have thought of an interesting variant upon the Security Council's resolution. They know as well as anyone that the Republicans cannot go to a conference at The Hague without first returning to their own capital, Jogjakarta, and consulting the members of the provisional Parliament and the party leaders. If they left for Holland without doing that, they would have no authority; and, if they were foolish enough to return afterwards, they would probably be shot as traitors for their pains. Nor would they have the slightest chance of ordering a cease-fire (another of the Security Council's instructions) unless they had also re-established their administration in the capital. For the Dutch to pretend that this would be difficult is absurd. The Sultan of Jogjakarta is a powerful man and a staunch Republican. If the Dutch troops were removed to the boundaries of the town, he could easily arrange for the reception and reinstatement of the Republican Government.

What, then, are the Dutch up to? Clearly they hope to show the world that the Republicans refused to go to The Hague to obtain sovereignty because they kept harping on the trivial condition of being allowed to consult their colleagues, and to assert a little authority first. Then, perhaps, the Dutch think they can divide their Federal Governments from the Republicans and hand power over to the former, particularly as the Federal interpretation of "sovereignty" appears to approximate to that of the Dutch. And the plan of Dr. Beel is known to be in reality a plan proposed by Anak Ageung. So the first test of Dutch sincerity must be whether they permit the prisoners of Bangka to go to Jogjakarta before proceeding to The Hague.

Pessimism is growing. As Anak Ageung himself pointed out on February 22nd, Mr. Van Maarsevens, the Minister at the Hague responsible for Indonesia, in expounding the Beel plan recently, said that all the necessary treaties with Holland must be concluded before sovereignty is handed over. If that is so, asked a leading Federalist, how can the transfer be rapid? Yes, indeed, how can it be? And how also can treaties reached with an occupation army of between 120,000 and 150,000 troops be held free of duress? It is possible to believe that the Dutch are genuine in their wish to hand over, but, tragically, in their obtuse way, they insist in trying to hand over the Indonesia they would like to see and not the one that the Indonesians want. It may be an unjust stricture, but unless there is another Dutch change of heart which will not only produce fine words but also endow them with the meaning they commonly carry all over the world, there can be only one conclusion: that is, that the new proposals are designed to by-pass the Security Council and are another evasive attempt to deal with Indonesia in a purely Dutch way, and damn everyone else, including the Indonesians. If that is the way the Dutch mind is working, and previous experience suggests that it is, there is only further deadlock and bitterness ahead. It is not even certain that the Dutch would carry the Federalists with them.

Yet the problem is simple. Hatta, the Prime Minister, Soekarno, the President, Salim, the Foreign Minister, despite the second "police action" of December and its accompanying and continuing brutality, are still ready to give the Dutch what they need. The Dutch standard of living depends on Indonesian trade. If they give the Indonesians complete independence, with no haggling, they can retain that trade. If not, they will lose it for ever. A cowardice, which the Dutch call doggedness, holds them back from the risk of making the one gesture which can ensure Dutch security. If the Dutch delay much longer, even the final gesture of self-abnegation will lose its efficacy. The man who saw that was Van Moek, and they dismissed him, although he had got better terms for Holland than will ever come her way again.

But if myopia persists at the Hague, will the world stand by listening patiently to Dutch excuses, to Dutch lies about the Republic commanding no support outside the areas it recently controlled, to Dutch evasion of Uno resolutions, to Dutch claims that the Republican areas are now quiet and content, although Dutch troops cannot move outside the main towns except in strong convoy? There is only one course left, if the great new scheme turns out to be bogus: Sanctions. The Dutch would be too frightened, with the whole world sitting on their heads, to walk out of Western Union or to do anything but comply. If the Dutch are dogged, the rest of the world must be more dogged. For the sake of British prestige in Asia, I hope it will be the British that propose such drastic action.

WOODROW WYATT

A LONDON DIARY

It would be rash, on the basis of South Hammersmith and thirty other Labour by-election victories since 1945, to say that the Conservatives can never come to power again in England. Startling events before an election may have an incalculable effect; the strength of Labour in agricultural districts, where it won by a small majority in the last election, has not been tested in by-elections; there are a large group of doubtful seats which, owing to the accidents of party distribution, might narrowly swing the next election one way or another. Broadly, however, I think it is true that the working classes will never again vote Conservative, and that the Labour Party, if wisely led, should be pretty steadily in office in the future because there are more workers than middle-class people in the country. I recall how, on visits to the United States during the Roosevelt period, all the business and middle-class people one met agreed in violently abusing the President and prophesying the return of the Republican Party at the next elections. Eighty or ninety per cent. of the entire American press was always against Roosevelt, and in 1948 anti-Democratic opinion was so vocal that the pollsters scarcely worried to do their job. Yet from the Great Slump onwards, that is for five successive general elections, the masses voted a Democrat into the White House by impressive majorities. Why? Because the worker in the town and on the land identified the Republicans with big business, unemployment and bread lines. And, as Jim Griffiths showed in his really admirable party broadcast last Sunday, exactly the same thing is happening here. Nothing Lord Woolton or Mr. Churchill can say can possibly persuade the worker that he is worse off to-day than he was during the period of Conservative rule.

* * *

Is this altogether true of the agricultural worker? A South of England farmer said to me the other day: "Why should the agricultural labourers on my farm ever again vote Conservative? It is true that beer and tobacco are outrageously expensive and that they complain of a shortage of meat and the cost of their children's clothes, but their wages are 4½ to 5 times what they were in 1920 and 3 times what they were before the war. Though new Council houses are expensive, many of the labourers still live in cottages for which they pay about four shillings a week. They grow their own fruit and vegetables. They are secure in their homes and their jobs, so much so that they are often unreasonable whereas they used to be servile. Who can blame them if they get their own back to-day? The final thing that has happened to make them support Labour is the arrival of the doctor, without fee, from the town whenever they need him." To this I should only demur, by way of caution, that the National Health Service does not yet work perfectly everywhere, and that insinuating Tory propaganda does, in my experience, have some effect in village pubs, where it is suggested that Labour intends to take away all the workers' pleasures, from darts to rabbit shooting. In spite of the real benefits which the agricultural labourer has received, I should guess that the rural areas are still Labour's most vulnerable point. Mr. Morrison may have said as much at Shanklin.

* * *

The Labour Party rightly excludes Communists, avowed or unavowed, from its ranks, because they have a different loyalty. But to withdraw Party endorsement from Zilliacus seems to me merely silly. Everyone who knows him agrees that he is a staunch member of the Labour Party; that his views are his own, and that in matters of domestic policy he has been a particularly loyal and hard-working Member. Moreover, he will find no difficulty in showing, on paper at least, that it is he who has obeyed the Labour Party's line since 1945, and Mr. Bevin who has departed from it. If we all get annoyed with Zilliacus from time to time, it is because he simply avoids the difficulties by assuming that all would be well if only we adopted a policy of sweet reasonableness towards the U.S.S.R. He has certainly provoked the Party chiefs, and they very foolishly have retaliated. This should make his political future quite secure. After all, the present Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Minister of Health, and the Minister of Supply were all driven out of the Party not so many years ago. According to precedent, the Executive has opened a royal road for Mr. Zilliacus, who should end up as Foreign Secretary in about five years from now.

* * *

It is by no means impossible that a Baptist Minister should supply the British and American Ministries in Sofia with information, especially since most of it in a Western country would not be regarded as "secret" at all. After all, Britain and America, like Soviet Russia, do spend large sums of money abroad in paying foreign agents and they find them where they can get them. Since Baptist institutions in Bulgaria have always been supported by American money, American agents might have been found among its officials. Where the Bulgarian ministers' case becomes difficult to believe is when, not one or two, but eight Baptist ministers confess (with tears running down their cheeks!) to subversive or espionage activities. And if one confession is suspect, then all are. More disturbing, in my view, is the selective nature of the moral indignation. How the headlines scream and the pulpits bellow about Mindszenty and the Bulgarian ministers! How silent they are about the constant stream of judicial murders in Spain and the vengeance trials in Greece! Take the latest reports that reach me from Athens. You remember the ten Greek seamen, sentenced to death last November? Well, two of them were tried on the 2nd of February by court martial with a different group of 34 prisoners, including a doctor, a ship-owner and a lawyer. They were again charged with conspiracy, and sabotage was also mentioned by the prosecution. Most of the witnesses were policemen, whose depositions were based on the reports of informers. I have seen some of this evidence; it abounds in phrases like: "I have no concrete information, but this man must be a leader and should be responsible for the above acts." In the case of the two seamen, the charges were withdrawn at the request of the prosecution itself on the ground that they were being tried twice for the same offence—a reason for acquittal, which should have ruled out the trial from the beginning, unless, as I suspect, an excuse was being found for acquitting men whom it was considered politically inexpedient to kill. It must be remembered that the ten death sentences passed in the first seamen's trial last November still stand. The prisoners have not been executed or reprieved. At the same time, according to the Athens paper *Estia* another court martial of 50 men started on February 21st. Amongst the accused is Glezos, the former editor of *Rizospastis*, who had been already tried and sentenced to death last autumn. These trials are at least as "political" as those that go on behind the iron curtain.

* * *

Mrs. Naidu was, I think, the ablest of that remarkable group of women who played a leading part in winning India's freedom. The struggle of Congress was, of course, her main formative influence; King's College, London, and Girton, Cambridge, may boast of some share in her training and education. She was a notable poet, with a fine ear for the music of the English language. She was an orator and politician, who was President of Congress in 1925, and who lived to become Governor of the United Provinces. She was the only Hindu woman who ever preached in a Muslim mosque. Perhaps her most unusual quality was her abounding good nature and irrepressible sense of fun. Unlike other associates of the Mahatma, she made fun of him even during the strenuous days of the Round Table Conference in 1931 in England and in the long battle of politics afterwards in India. She laughed at him and helped him to keep his sense of proportion. I can think of no other Indian politician who would have dared to call Gandhi "Mickey Mouse" or have said that he "looked like a bat."

* * *

I cannot understand why nationalised railway engines must be stripped of their names and reduced to mere numbers. I know that the schoolboy spots them by numbers and then checks their name or class afterwards in a special catalogue. But this is only a technical convenience: nobody could possibly read a nameplate as a train dashes past. I like engines to have names. They have personalities and are entitled to be something more than mere ciphers. Imagine how colourless the Industrial Revolution would seem if we read of Stephenson's Number Two instead of The Rocket, or wrote P.B./S.1 for Puffing Billy. Electric trains have no noses and no character. But a christening and a name are as necessary to a locomotive as to a ship. The decision of the Railway Executive seems even more indefensible to me than the steady removal of the decorations from canal boats. True, the number of painted boats has been diminishing for years, and money and time can be saved by turning all the barges into uniform Government issue. But is this the way to refute the charge that nationalisation takes the colour out of life and substitutes drab efficiency? To me, public ownership should be the occasion to empty a paint-box over our gloomy industry.

CRITIC

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS

The Anti-Blood Sports Bill, to date,
  Sticks in our M.P.s' throats:
Humanity, it seems, must wait
  Till hunted beasts have votes.

ALLAN M. LAING

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.

Paste entries on a POSTCARD and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

Among the books recommended by readers for purchase were the philosophical works of Locke, Berkeley, Hume, Kant, and Hegel. . . Alderman Durham: It seems extraordinary that this brazen recommendation should come from the head of the Communist Party. Is it an attempt at Communist propaganda?

Councillor E. A. Baxter: They do not contain Communist doctrines.

Alderman Durham: They are very near to it.—*Leamington Spa Morning News.* (Nigel Townshend.)

The Danes have the consoling knowledge that they border the Western zones of Germany.—*Tablet.* (A. B. C.)

———, fined £1 at Willesden to-day for being drunk and told to pay 25s. for a doctor, asked: "Why should I pay the doctor when I pay National Health Insurance? I pay heavy taxes for getting drunk."—*Evening Standard.* (Miss Marshall.)

For the wife the adjustment might be much more difficult than for the husband. Perhaps a few kindly, wise words from the Welfare Officer might have helped, but it so happened that the husband was the welfare officer.—Report of Divorce Court case in *Daily Mirror.* (L. Gordon.)

Bristol schoolchildren are to be shown how to cheer and yet remain dignified when Princess Margaret visits the city next month.—*Daily Mail.* (I. L. Newport.)

Despite protests from all over Britain officials of Birmingham Photographic Society are exhibiting a picture showing a bearded figure representing Christ in present-day carpenter's overalls, operating a circular-saw.

Objections. . . are three-fold:

1. It offends the religious susceptibilities of church people . . .

2. The way the saw is being operated conflicts with all the modern rules of safe carpentry.

3. There were no circular-saws in New Testament days.—*Daily Mail.* (F. J. H. Grant.)

London Transport staff at Acton today found footprints on the freshly painted ceiling of an Underground carriage. They were investigating if a man could have walked upside down on the ceiling while strap-hanging.—*Star.* (A. L. Braimbridge.)

———, Vicar of ———, thinks it is impossible for his parishioners—most are boarding-house keepers—to keep all the Ten Commandments, so he has reduced them to nine for his services.—*Evening Standard.* (Eileen Barnard.)

SPROUTS

"The British family is getting just enough to eat, mainly brussels sprouts and potatoes." Mr. Paul Hoffman. March 1st.

Can Britons maintain their resistance,
  Starving for fats and proteins,
On the level of merest subsistence,
  On meals of potatoes and greens?
The Briton, incessantly toiling,
  His power to survive never doubts
While the housewife is ceaselessly boiling
  Plain brussels sprouts.

Great Britain the answer is giving
  In a splendidly confident tone:
"Though on boiled brussels sprouts we are living,
  Man lives not by Brussels alone."
Sprouts, that first budded in Brussels,
  Form vegetable-cultural ties
Which strengthen the sinews and muscles
  Of sprout-fed allies.

Sprouts to the West fundamental,
  However deficient as food,
Establish a link Continental,
  The symbol of man's brotherhood;
Sprouts throughout all transformations
  Have a plainly identical smell,
Though called by the four Brussels nations,
  Choux de Bruxelles.

Scorn not the sprout, emblematic
  Of the union of all of the West,
Staple of diet democratic,
  Fit for democracy's crest!
Brussels bids sprout-eaters rally,
  Putting the tyrant to rout;
Britons will cry, as they sally,
  Dieu et mon sprout!

Not nations with menus more meaty
  But the spud- and the sprout-eating team
In Brussels sprout Union and Treaty,
  The Movement, the plan and the theme.
The task is no doubt herculean,
But Brussels is leading the fight.
Sprouts make the good European,
  Sprouts will unite.

Deficient perhaps as nutrition,
  Sprouts have a significant place
In maintaining the Western tradition
  For the whole of the sprout-eating race.
Though friends at a distance are doubting,
  No sprout-eating Briton has doubts
While Brussels keeps hopefully sprouting
  More Brussels sprouts.

SAGITTARIUS

THE DEEPER NOTES

"IT is Mr. Fell who is striking the deeper notes in this campaign." So wrote Mr. W. J. Brown, M.P., in an article in the *Evening Standard*, in which he picked the Conservative to win South Hammersmith. One doesn't wish to be wise after the event, nor to gibe at Mr. Brown for courageously risking a false prophecy. But he was so wrong about those "deeper notes"! The Conservative campaign suffered throughout from a blank incomprehension of the minds of the working-people; three years of Opposition seem to have done nothing to cure it. One had a queer, and sometimes rather alarming and repulsive impression of two worlds in conflict, incapable of understanding each other. Two worlds within one crowded borough; using the same river, the same streets, buses, cinemas, overhead electric trains.

Mr. Fell's appeal was to the individual *You*—*Your* initiative, *Your* sense of responsibility, *Your* extra effort and greater reward—essentials, he said, to the restoring of Britain's greatness, and all opposite to what he called "regimentation," the "herding" of *You* "into nationalised industries." Now, anyone whom profession or inclination had brought constantly into touch with working-class people would know that there was nothing in this to strike a response in their hearts and minds. The opposite, in fact. For the worker hasn't got this individualist ethic; his standards and and values are co-operative, not competitive; he doesn't fear State intrusion, nor would he ever feel that his own individuality was diminished by the sharing of identical privileges and duties with great numbers of other people. He doesn't like the man who goes all out for himself, and could never be made to think that any such man is serving the cause of national greatness.

As a matter of fact, it is not at all easy for anyone of different upbringing to enter into this state of mind. It requires humility or naivete; something far from the patronising cocksureness which Conservative propaganda has failed to slough off. It is no use reproaching one with dwelling on class differences; the differences are there. Sometimes a distinguished foreigner can see things more clearly than we do; such a one as Professor Zweig, the Polish economist, whose book, *Labour, Life, and Poverty* should be read by anyone hoping to influence a working-class electorate. There was no evidence in South Hammersmith that any Conservative had read it, or would even have understood what the Professor was talking about. The flashy garage-showrooms were a mistake, by contrast with the inconspicuous reality of Mr. Williams's side-street headquarters. The Young Conservatives were a mistake, with their leather gloves, horsey jackets, rakish caps, and the occasional self-effacing ostentation of an Old Etonian tie. The "deeper notes" were all out of tune.

Was Mr. Churchill's personal appearance also a mistake? I would not say so; it would be too glib and easy a conclusion. He might affect many of no fixed allegiance, whose votes, in a closer contest, could be decisive. In fact, however, the much-pondered "floating vote" in South Hammersmith was caused mainly by a large influx of Irish and Welsh workers and their families. And there is one thing which makes it very difficult for Mr. Churchill to win working-class votes: that is, the type of jokes he makes. I wonder if he, or any other Conservative speaker or supporter, has any idea of this. It is fatal to be what the workers call "sarcastic"; in which they include any sort of ironical or patronising humour. "The way he rubs all parties except his own!" It "upsets" them, it goads them into furies of resentment, but doesn't influence their minds, except to tinge determination with bitterness. Mr. Churchill is adept at this kind of "rubbing," and in Hammersmith he didn't spare it.

> Why should Socialist leaders imagine that they have a monopoly of social reform? They are the products of *our* social reform . . . *perhaps the only unsatisfactory part of it* . . ." (Laughter.)

But there is nothing which can measure the bitter anger that such remarks leave. Nothing—except votes. It is felt that only people who've had the superior education possess the secret of that kind of joke. And that they are using this educational advantage—about the existence of which there already is immense bitterness—to taunt those who haven't had it, instead of to help them.

Conservatives also taunted their opponents—apropos of Marshall Aid, food subsidies, and social security "from cradle to grave"—with living on charity, "not standing on their own feet."

"That gets them on the raw—about living on charity!" chuckled one leather-gloved, stick-carrying and rain-coated heckler to another.

"Yes, that's a good one."

No doubt they felt they'd struck stout blows, and certainly they had touched people on the raw. Yet the fact is, think what you like about British greatness being built up on risks and adventures undertaken by individuals, that epoch is over. Now there is a great concourse of industrial working-people who simply don't think or feel in that way, whose whole past experience is of improvements gained by their strength acting together, not as individuals; of losses suffered when they stood alone or in weak numbers. The professional or business man thinks first of rights—the right to reward and profit commensurate with effort, the right to be free of interference. The worker thinks first of needs—the need for security, education, a completer life; needs only to be satisfied, he believes, by collective action, whether of Union or Government. He has no prejudice, therefore, against benefits coming to him from laws. On the contrary, what he feels is; "It's better than it was . . . it needs to be a lot better yet."

Does this suggest a merely materialistic outlook, a hogging for free scraps out of somebody else's trough? A worker's feelings may express themselves principally in terms of cigarettes and beer, rates for the job, pensions and allowances; but there is a persistent vision behind them of his idea of a greater England. He has, through what Professor Zweig called "the ear for authenticity and truth," an instinctive understanding as to who also cares about this. The Conservative propaganda about inefficiency, incompetent administration, expensive muddle, rising prices, "fat jobs for the boys," is misconceived. I was amazed to hear an old night-watchman explain that, although people grumbled about the higher rents of new Council flats (34s. for four rooms, as against 25s. before the war), in fact they appreciated that the rents couldn't help being higher, with labour and materials scarcer and costing more; and to hear him defend the housing-record as "excellent," despite that there are still eight thousand families on the waiting-list. (In fact, the record is excellent in Hammersmith, and Labour might well have been more aggressive about it.) What he stressed was that, through all shortages and difficulties, the Council since 1945 had "cared and tried."

He and people like him will forgive much inefficiency, where they detect evidence of "caring." They simply don't believe that the Conservative Party does care. So the talk about the difference between what "you were led to expect by Socialist promises" and what you've got also falls short and wide. It is very difficult for a party while in Opposition, to prove something about itself, which voters don't believe about it. My feeling is that they cannot. They cannot crush or live down the memories of the Means Test, of the hundreds of men in casual wards, of ship yards being closed, of the miserable flight from the Rhondda Valley, of the scramble at pit-head and dock-gate, of "men tearing the bloody shirts off each other's backs." I believe that only a disastrous mistake in leadership, or some great crisis which they fail to surmount, could now prevent Labour victory at the next General Election.

The Government has held loyalty, through its record of fairness and "caring." Behind this loyalty are enormous reserves of feeling and energy—the naive and happy kind which Mr. Wilfrid Pickles so brilliantly releases. Conservatives would solve the still-nagging problem of incentives by spurring and pushing individuals. A Labour Government can tackle it collectively, tapping these reserves. People who won't go all out for themselves can be encouraged to go all out for each other. The working-people do still feel the need for "purposes able to warm the heart and excite the imagination"—I use Professor Zweig's phrase. A vision of such purpose is there, however inarticulate, behind all the talk of rates and conditions; and one senses now how it longs to be brought into action. One of the best things recently, in this way, is the project to clear and ennoble that disgraceful waste stretch along the South Bank of the Thames, in the heart of London. The urge towards that sort of achievement—more and more and more of it—added strength to the midnight cheering in and about Hammersmith Broadway. And it can add strength and purpose to millions of half-frustrated hands.

GILES ROMILLY

BRAVE NEW WORLD IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA

It is one of the peculiarities of Western journalism, in discussing and describing the "New Democracies," to be fairly lenient to Poland, and to be very tough with Czechoslovakia. "To see Prague breaks your heart" wrote a distinguished contemporary after a six-hour visit a few months ago. For this partiality there are, I think, two reasons. One is that Poland was never really a democracy in the Western sense, and to see one type of dictatorship replace another kind is less "heart-breaking" than to see the land of Masaryk and Benes ruled by the Communist Party. Moreover, the "dictatorship" in Czechoslovakia was set up much more suddenly than in Poland, where, in any case, Mikolajczyk, the representative of Western democracy, was little more than a figleaf. The other reason is—food. The visitor eats wonderfully well in Warsaw, and pretty poorly in Prague—a good deal worse, I should say, than in London. For almost everything you order you have to produce coupons. Perhaps the Czechs have become aware of the profound political importance that itinerant students of world affairs attach to their meals. It may be that is why, in the two hotels where most of the distinguished foreigners stay, the waiter now ostentatiously places a large pat of butter before the customer while he studies the unimpressive menu. In reality, if one were to analyse the *per capita* consumption of food, one would find that in this, as in other respects, the Czech standard of living is still considerably higher than the Polish.

I have lived in Prague for three months now; and it does not break my heart. There are many more pathetic places in the world than Prague. Not that there aren't many ugly aspects about present-day Czechoslovakia. There are the many thousands of expropriated businessmen; there are the professional men, such as lawyers, who must now serve the State, or starve; there are the writers, newspaper men and artists who have been "purged," or whose profound liberal convictions will not allow them to co-operate with the Government. There is the suggestion in the Czech press that to spy and inform on your neighbour is a civic virtue. There are at least five thousand students who are being thrown out of the universities and technical colleges—not all, as is officially stated, because they are "slackers" and "chronics"; many will be expelled because of their "doubtful" political past, or because of an "unsuitable" mentality. There are no concentration camps in the real sense, but "labour camps" have been, or are about to be, opened for alleged "industrial slackers," spivs and other "uncooperative elements."

Every day, too, one reads in the papers about some trial at which soldiers or officers have been sentenced to many years' imprisonment—the charges often including "contact with foreigners." These are usually the American military authorities in Austria and Germany. How much American espionage there is in Czechoslovakia I don't pretend to know. Probably there is not more of it than there is of Russian espionage elsewhere. (What do armies have Intelligence Services for if not for that?) However that may be, the spotlight thrown, in these numerous minor trials, on "contact with foreigners," is having the result that Czechs who, even two months ago, freely mixed with British and American friends, are much less eager to do so now. Then there is the rather shocking case of General Pika, the former Deputy Chief-of-Staff of the Czech Army, who was the other day sentenced to death by hanging for not only allegedly passing on information to the British in recent years but also for having received funds from the British to "spy on Russia" in 1940—at a time when Russia had full-fledged diplomatic representation in Hitler's puppet State of Slovakia! However, Pika has appealed, and I would say his chances of not being hanged are fairly good.

There are also 10,000 political prisoners in gaols—mostly people who attempted to, or were about to, escape abroad, many of them soon after the February Revolution. About 10,000 other Czechs and Slovaks are actually abroad. They are a sharp thorn in the side of the Czech Government; but, like all emigrés, they are inclined to exaggerate the importance of the opposition and the resistance movement inside the country. Certainly in Czechoslovakia to-day this seems particularly true. There is almost no active opposition, and, indeed, very little passive opposition to the regime. Roughly speaking, about half the people of Czechoslovakia fully supported the February Revolution; to-day the greater part of the other half are more or less adapting themselves to the new conditions as best they can.

Western diplomats one meets in Prague shrug their shoulders—"hopeless people, the Czechs, a race of Micawbers"; or "if they swallowed the Germans, they can swallow their own Communists almost as easily." (The "almost" gives one a nice insight into Western diplomatic mentality.) Of course, there is a good deal of Micawberism in the Czech character, and a Schweik-like capacity to adapt oneself to almost any new conditions. And yet, to explain it all away by calling the Czechs a nation of Schweiks or Micawbers would be to oversimplify things. The truth—and the sooner the West faces it the better—is that the new regime has *impressed* people and has even stirred many a young and even middle-aged person's imagination. Even though they themselves may derive much discomfort from it, they are *interested* in "Czechoslovakia's next stage." Many of the younger people of the middle or lower-middle class will tell you: "Of course, it's hard on my parents, they will never get used to all this; but we younger people realise that we can't go on as they did." The fetishism of the small private shop is disappearing, and the children of shopkeepers feel that there are better things they can do under Socialism than stand behind a counter. Even a Western diplomat who went to the Students' Winter Sports Festival at Spindlerov Mlyn the other day admitted to me: "I must say I prefer this crowd to the dressed-up *nouveau riche* lot I used to see here before." Many shopkeepers, indeed, have "nationalised" themselves voluntarily, remaining as managers in their own shops.

And then, what is one to make of a sight I never even saw in all the seven years I spent in Moscow—four people in a single tramcar reading Lenin? The easy explanation is, of course: "Poor devils, what else is there for them but to read all this dreary stuff when, in many cases, their job depends on whether they pass their Marxist-Leninist exams?" For, on the question of Marxism-Leninism, the Government is exceedingly tough: everybody in any even mildly responsible job must know what the philosophic, ideological and political foundations of the new Czechoslovakia are. Lenin-consciousness is being developed in every conceivable way—from five-hour discussions of Leninism twice a week (compulsory for all students, journalists and others) to decorating half the shop-windows in Prague with pictures of Lenin on the anniversary of his death and issuing postage stamps with pictures of Lenin on them and the two words "Lenin-Ceskoslovensko." But that isn't everything. The Czechs are studious, methodical folk; many of the younger people—working-class and middle-class as well—take a personal pride in "mastering" their elements of Marxist doctrine; there is almost a snob-value in being able to show off one's understanding of Marxism, Leninism and, needless to say, Stalinism. People read the stuff more eagerly than they do in Moscow—their high standard of education helps them in this. If, in Moscow, there is a chronic scarcity of books, but Marxist literature can always be bought in unlimited quantities, almost the opposite is true in Czechoslovakia now; your Marx, and Lenin, and Stalin are sold out—an unheard-of thing in Moscow. And the compulsory teaching of Marxism does not alone account for it.

Of course, many don't like it. They don't like the limited choice of newspapers, all pro-Government and all pro-Communist; they would prefer the free printed and verbal discussions of old, in which the Czechs always delighted. The stories of Gottwald and Zapotocki knocking at the gates of Heaven, and the alleged malapropisms of Mrs. Gottwald are but poor consolation for those who want none of this standardised thinking. Nevertheless, most Czechs, with a good deal of horse-sense in these matters, have come to the conclusion that, barring a war, the regime has come to stay.

ALEXANDER WERTH

(To be concluded.)

JUTE AND DUNDEE

Jute-workers in Dundee to-day are queuing at the Labour Exchange; memories are stirring uneasily of the days when one-third of Dundee's working population trudged the steep streets lined with their tiers of tenements. "Ach, ah thocht there wisna gaein' to be anither slump," some of them are saying since the pay-off notices began to go up in the mills. Is there? In Dundee, the question nags at the mind; already the City's unemployment figures have shot up to over 6 per cent., against under 2 per cent. for the rest of the country. Out of 15,000 jute-workers, 1,200 are on the dole, and 500 to 600 have gone on short time. And Dundee workers are discovering that this has in many ways a new look in slumps. Before the war there was an over-abundance of raw materials and no orders. To-day the city's jute firms are booked up for a long time ahead, but the ships from Bengal are sailing up the Firth of Tay with holds almost empty. This is a crisis of under-production, not over-production.

Its cause? In the short term, a shortage of jute, due to the combination of a bad crop and the political and economic dislocation following the granting of independence to India. Most of the raw jute is grown in what is now Pakistan, and most of the native industry is in the new India, around Calcutta, which also acted as the principal port for the export of the raw material. The Muslims are now trying to use their own port of Chittagong. One narrow-gauge line, two hundred miles long, leads to it from the interior. The port itself has neither the warehouses nor the harbour necessary for the increased load, and congestion has resulted. At the start of Dundee's immediate crisis, in November, it was hoped that the congestion would have been relieved by the time the new jute crop came along in the spring; but it is going to take longer than that.

And even when the smooth flow of jute is resumed, will it be in the same volume as before? That is the fear that lurks in Dundee minds. The city faces in a temporarily acute form the problem that affects many industrial areas of Britain. Dependent on expanding new countries for both raw materials and markets, Dundee is in the unhappy position of acting as an economic seismograph of the quakes that afflict a world in transition. It is marking up the shocks of to-day's political emancipations, and the deeper movements of economic change. The chaos which accompanied independence in India will be seen in perspective as a tremor on the surface of modern history. There are more fundamental convulsions; for, behind this sudden cut in jute supplies, a long, slow decline of Dundee's staple trade has been going on as India has developed her own jute industry. Before the first world war, the Dundee industry employed over 40,000 people, two-thirds of them women. Between 1924 and 1937 the proportion of Dundee workers employed in jute dropped from 50 to 40 per cent. To-day the figure stands at only 25 per cent. It is still coming down.

Taking note of this, the Government, since the end of the second world war, have been consciously diverting new firms to a spreading industrial estate. In green fields on the outskirts of the town, at the side of a wide by-pass road, great modern factories with walls of windows have been set up. They have reduced the town's dependence on jute. They have provided working conditions and welfare standards such as Dundee workers, inured to their bleak, clacking mills, have never known. With canteens, rest-centres, medical rooms and recreation fields, they have created a competition for labour that has brought about big improvements in the mills themselves, long notorious for their lack of amenities. Already 2,000 men and 1,750 women are in these model factories. Within eighteen months the Board of Trade officials expect that another 2,400 jobs will be filled, and the final target is 8,500. But that appears to be a target in the modern optimistic meaning of that over-worked word. Its achievement depends on the flow of building materials and labour, on the provision of plant, and, not least, on the fluctuations of world trade; for some of the new undertakings are branches of concerns centred in England or America, and there is always the danger that they may be the first to be lopped off at the sign of an economic blizzard. This has, in fact, already happened on other Scottish industrial estates.

Will these new industries be sturdy enough, and on a big enough scale to absorb the surplus workers from the shrinking staple of a one-industry town? In many ways Dundee is a test case of the persuasion and "negative direction" that constitute planning in a mixed economy; and it is unlikely that the new industries will solve the situation by themselves. Textile plant will still form such a high proportion of the city's capital equipment that a substitute for jute must be sought. There is talk of using rayon, and already the Board of Trade has stepped in with plans to produce utility lines in a "fibro" material. Dundee's allocation of this has been stepped up by 100 per cent.

These long-term plans have taken the edge off this short-term crisis. Without them unemployment would have been up to 10 per cent. Despite the increased unemployment, there are over 1,000 empty jobs at the Labour Exchange for which suitably trained workers cannot be found, and the jute employers, seldom reluctant to "pay off" in old days, when trade slumped, are working complicated part-time schemes, because they know that, if once they let their workers go, they may never come back. But Dundee's prosperity, like Britain's, in the final outcome does not depend entirely on its own efforts. Pakistan is already planning to follow India into jute manufacturing. On the face of it, that looks like a further blow to a dying industry, and the recent Jute Working Party demanded "protection" from the very competitors their own capital had built up. The Government, while assuring them of the national importance they attach to jute, which has many war-time uses, was politely uncooperative.

If there is to be a solution, it lies another way. As production in the new Dominions goes up, Eastern standards of consumption will themselves be raised. There are many jobs in jute that only Dundee can do well; and in a sane world, seeking higher living standards everywhere, Dundee's output of jute should remain much at its present level. Increased mechanisation will still further reduce the number of workers needed by 5,000, but these will find employment, either on substitute fibres or in manufacturing watches and cash registers, electric batteries and all the other new industrial skills that Dundee is learning. In a sane world? The ordinary Dundee jute-worker, once again on the dole in a world of "full employment," is puzzled and bewildered by the future. The answer to his question, "Is this another slump?" depends in the end on the achievement of international economic common sense.

MORGAN THOMSON

MICHAEL SCOTT AND THE HERREROS

Is there a statute of limitations for injustice to a nation? Some believe that there is; that wrong done to helpless people does not matter if it was done long ago. Others hold that so long as a remnant remains of the damaged race, the injustice will continue to fester. Such a case is being presented to us now by Michael Scott, the case of the Herreros of South-West Africa.

Scott himself is a clergyman who believes in practising the internationalism of primitive Christianity. I suppose, for I have not heard him say so, that he deduces from the fatherhood of God the brotherhood of man. Including the brotherhood of coloured man: there's the rub. He has put this idea into action in South Africa, thus becoming the latest of that honourable line of priests, parsons and ministers who have opposed the Dutch South African policy of "No equality for White and Black in Church or State." This has naturally got him into trouble with the authorities. In 1947 he was summonsed and fined for living in Bethel, a shameful native location near Johannesburg, and thereby calling attention to its conditions, which the Native Affairs Department knew and ignored, both perfectly. Recently Michael Scott has fallen into worse odour than ever, for he has taken up the case of the Herreros and carried it, in spite of every difficulty and official obstruction, into the United Nations.

In the 19th century the Herreros were the dominant tribe among the pastoral nations of South-West Africa. Then came the German colonists, hungry for land; and finally von Trotha, a general whom Hitler would have delighted to honour. He served notice on the Herreros to surrender their cattle. They protested vainly; and then, as he meant them to, resisted. His day had come. In 1904 he issued the "Extermination Order." All Herreros, whether man, woman or child were to be killed. An orgy of looting, torture, and massacre followed. To read the records is exactly like reading the accounts of the obliteration of Poland, except that the Germans had not gas chambers then, but killed babies with their own hands, or burned sick old women in their huts. The tribe broke and fled, as native peoples with primitive weapons must always break under attack by well-armed aggressors. Some escaped into British Bechuanaland. A few survived in the Kalahari Desert. The majority, all but fifteen thousand out of ninety thousand, were hacked to pieces by the Germans or died of thirst.

In the 1914 war, lured by British promises that native lands would be returned, the desert remnant trekked back. But in 1918 they met not the British as the Mandatory Power, but the South Africans, who never for a moment considered giving them back their tribal lands. Some pastures were left to the German settlers who remained. More went to Afrikaner settlers, so that, as the South African representatives year by year told the Mandates Commission "vested interests had accrued." Up in the North of the settled, or "Police," zone, some Herreros had begun tribal life once more on the Kunene River. But the Mandatory Government turned them out of this land because it wanted it to settle Poor White Boers from Angola, which it did at vast expense. The Herreros were expelled by the simple expedient of driving off their herds.

Subsequently they were given eight miserable inadequate Reserves, in which the tribe is scattered. They are too poor to support the people. The women help to do so, largely by prostituting themselves to men, both white and black, of other nations; for their beauty and grace renders them attractive. But of course the nemesis of venereal disease follows this livelihood; and the women, scorning to bear children to strangers, sterilise themselves. The South African delegates, whose nation's policy is responsible for the condition of the Herreros, tell the United Nations sanctimoniously that they are degenerate, demoralised, and dying out, so that it does not matter what they think or want. What they do want is simple; they want their lands, reunion, and freedom to graze their herds and keep themselves in decency.

When Smuts, furious at the United Nations' refusal to allow the incorporation of South-West Africa, held what he called a referendum on the opinion of both White and Africans, he was supported 100 per cent. by the Whites, who enjoy in fact all the privileges of the South African colour-bar, but would like to enjoy them in law also, and who hate the annual examination of the administration of the mandated areas. South-West Africa, in fact, has never been ruled in any manner which remotely fulfils the Mandate. In the "Police Zone" the natives are abused in every essential, in land-tenure, in labour conditions and wages, in education, and of course in civil rights. In the uncolonised North, they are not ill-governed in a static paternal way, but they are simply regarded as a labour reserve; nothing is done to advance them. It cannot be said that the peoples of South-West Africa would be well governed even if South Africa were to accept the change from Mandate to Trusteeship. But, if the country were annexed, they would be even without the slender protection of world knowledge of their wrongs.

The plebiscite among the African majority was more ticklish, for the tribes are conscious of their ill-being under South Africa. If the published account is true (and South Africa took a lot of trouble to hush up what really happened), the natives were asked by local officials whether they preferred to go on being ruled by South Africa which "had given them land and wells," or by a great number of nations. To this garble many of them naturally replied that they preferred South Africa. Except the Herreros, who steadfastly refused to sign any declaration that they accepted South African incorporation, and went on demanding the return of their lands and their tribal union under Trusteeship. They had learned their lesson too bitterly to be deceived, and were too desperate to be cowed into acquiescence; for what had they to lose? And that is why the petition of the Herreros—against incorporation, and for Trusteeship—carried by Michael Scott, is important. They speak, in reality, for many other tribes as well as for themselves; the Berg Damaras, the Ovambos, and the Namas are reported as having also voted against incorporation.

The account of the race suicide of the Herreros needs qualification. Those who got away from the Germans into British Bechuanaland, while continuing to consider themselves refugees, have increased steadily in number to 14,000, and are reckoned skilful farmers. They include the senior Herrero chief, Frederick Makarero, whose view is that the Herreros should be given their lands, united, and set under British protection. The Bechuana Regent, Tshekedi, sharing this view, and anxious lest the annexation of South-West should leave Bechuanaland surrounded by South African territory, has tried to come to Britain to put his case before the Dominions' Secretary. But the Government, no doubt under the same strange advice which caused it to support the South African demand for incorporation—the British delegate at Uno argued for it this year on remarkably ingenious legalistic grounds—refused to allow Tshekedi to come to London to put his case, in which the freedom and welfare of his own people is involved. For the threat of South African annexation hangs like a constant black cloud over the lives of the Africans of the Protectorates, and they justly believe that the incorporation of South-West is only one step in an expansionist policy dear to all the South African parties alike.

Now there exists the view that it is of more importance to Britain to appease Afrikaners than to defend the rights of our own African fellow-subjects, let alone the general principles of the paramountcy of African interests in these parts of Africa where they are an oppressed majority.

But this view is not compatible with our obligations under the Charter of the United Nations, nor with our long-declared policy towards dependent nations. On considerations of pure hard-headed expediency it is far more important for Britain to support the rights of colonial and mandated nations than it is to squirm subserviently to Nationalist South Africans who will only add contempt to their existent hatred of the British.

This is why Michael Scott is not just a crank with a slogan, when he speaks for the Herreros. He faces, in Africa, a cold policy of discrimination; in Europe and America the lassitude of people who say: "What's the use? Let them rot." But he is clear that he speaks for Christian civilisation; indeed, those civilised though not Christian will call him their man, too. The Herreros, dispossessed, shattered, powerless, are a part—a sick part—of mankind; and unless their wound is healed, its fester must spread.

FREDA WHITE

SO THEY SAY . . .

From a Key-hole Correspondent

Daily Express, February 24:—

> Socialist party leaders have decided to go ahead at the General Election with a broad nationalisation programme. . . . The first draft was considered by the Party's national executive yesterday.

Daily Mail, February 24:—

> Socialist Party chiefs . . . plan to go to the country next year on a programme that will rule out any new grandiose nationalisation schemes. . . . This programme has been drafted by their Policy Committee.

Observer, February 27:—

> There has not at any time been a clash over the nationalisation proposals in the draft . . . the National Executive did not discuss the programme.

Department of Moral Welfare

Daily Express, February 5:—

> Extra space made available since last month has enabled [us] . . . to carry better reports of Parliament's activities, better coverage of world events. . . . Just the same, the *Daily Express* imposes on itself many restraints—the chief of which is that it will not deal in salacity. . . .

Daily Express, February 22:—

Five-column headline: MIDGET GIRL "WITH PASSIONATE NATURE" DENIES STORY OF A BEDROOM SCENE.

AUTOLYCUS

THE ANGEL

Each is involved in the tears and blood of all.
Under the dreams of each move those unsleeping journeys—
The Will, the Lament, the Fall.

We have no inviolate instants where we are
Solid happiness hewn from day, set apart
From others afar.

Human islands under their seas have roots
Spread through the multitude's fretful blood,
And to passionate childhoods.

To steel the will against awareness would banish
The angel who arrives each instant
From the horrific flesh;

Who warns that power, fear, agony, are the life under many;
That the real is the terrible; that to deny
This, unsheathes tyranny.

Listen, for his voice offers charity, hope, freedom—
Beggared charity, false hope, freedom to weep. True, and yet
He is truth's own doom
Blowing news of evil on a golden trumpet.

STEPHEN SPENDER

The Arts and Entertainment

THE MOVIES

"The Secret Land," at the Ritz

"Another Part of the Forest," at the New Gallery and the Tivoli

"Britannia Mews," at the Marble Arch Odeon

The Secret Land is a record of Admiral Byrd's fourth Antarctic expedition: Operation "High Jump," carried out by a task force of the U.S. Navy in 1946-7. The fleet of thirteen vessels included an ice-breaker, an aircraft-carrier, and a submarine; autogyros, bull-dozers, caterpillar sledges, long-distance planes fitted with skis formed an essential portion of the equipment; turkeys and steaks sizzled in the kitchens, and swimmers in cold-proof suits navigated the iciest waters; 4,000 men took part in the expedition; fifty cameras were kept turning. What a difference—one can't help thinking—from Scott's days of winter darkness, pemmican, sleeping-bags, and sledge-pulling; yet it was Scott who introduced the caterpillar sledge (in 1911), from which the whole race of tanks and bull-dozers has issued. That most essential vehicle in modern exploration, the aeroplane, Scott can only have dreamed of.

It plays the new and thrilling part in what seems otherwise a comparatively safe adventure. From the carrier deck the huge planes, propelled by jet attachments, take off in a hundred feet; they explore the ice deserts looking for a crashed plane and its survivors; they fly over the polar plateau, and everywhere the camera turns on sights never before seen. The most striking discoveries of this expedition were two. A warm belt of mountains and lakes, brown-purple to the eye, unexpectedly broke the frigid expanse—the water temperature when tested was found to be 38 degrees; and huge deposits were recorded of coal and other minerals. One important use—enough coal to supply the world's need for hundreds of years—was thus at once indicated; another possibility was that the Antarctic might be used as a gigantic frig., to conserve a food surplus. Uno is interested. The heroic days of exploration finally yield to the political and economic.

Magnificently, at times, the Technicolor camera has caught ice-scapes and seas, the blue-green twilights, the snow-storms, the shapes of ship and plane, of mountain and crevasse. With such material perhaps the camera could hardly go wrong. But *The Secret Land* stops short—very far short—of being a first-rate documentary. Where is the orderliness, skill and feeling that went to the making of such war films as *Assault on the Aleutians*? Small trace of it here; instead, the most slapdash arrangement, not improved by a bad and boastful commentary. But *The Secret Land* survives its handling.

Another Part of the Forest attempts to repeat the success of *The Little Foxes*. Time, after the Civil War; place, the deep South. The Hubbard family—how they blackmail, bully, cheat, sneak, mock and snarl at one another! What fox fights or ferret tumbles! It is all very pretty, for a while, as we watch them in the sunshine. Good little Oscar, he nearly gets his rival, from behind in the dark; Ben amiably tries to drive his mother mad; Regina, according to the programme, is "secretly immoral"; and Father (poor Mr. Fredric March) accomplishes everything from treason to extortion, and bullying to violin-playing. But even these diversions tire; and they tire those who take part in them, so that snarls give way to grins, and an assailant leaves off to pat another appreciatively on the back. Soon they have no more reality than the suspects in a detection story, and one can only regret that Miss Hellman should have wasted her talents, and those of a distinguished cast, on such acidulated fancies. This film might be re-entitled *Gone With the Simoon,* or *The Peace Wasn't Nearly So Civil as the War.*

Britannia Mews goes back to the time (apparently in the London Nineties) when sin and gin ruled the stable-land. A broken-down arch, ten feet across from the little rich girl's door, marks the way in, and there is no way out, if only because the further end plainly registers itself as a well-painted back-cloth. But I am wrong; there *is* a way. Miss O'Hara marries her drunken drawing-master (Dana Andrews) and so gets in, and those with a long experience of mews life will be able to explain how, after falling to his death down steps, Mr. Andrews manages to return as someone else, the same but different, and less thirsty. That they should then transform their stable into the most fashionable puppet-theatre in London follows almost as a matter of course, and the tale winds its way happily to a second honeymoon in the heart of Surrey; where life, one gathers, if less exciting, is more explicable.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

RADIO NOTES

THAT so many interesting broadcasts during the past week both in the Home Service and the Third Programme should have been heard originally on regional wavelengths is probably merely coincidence, but it offers a good opportunity of glancing at current regional broadcasting. Essentially, the relation of regional to national broadcasting is that of the provincial to the national press; we ask of it that it should not only reflect local interests but also comment on public affairs generally in the light of its own special knowledge, its own special aptitudes. A good example of the latter is the series of discussions, *Freedom and Order,* between professors of philosophy in the Scottish universities, now being repeated in the Third Programme. It is a good example, too, of a region using the scholarship which is to be found within its bounds, for a broadcasting region, if it is adequately to mirror the life of its area, must, within the limits of time at its disposal, provide a service corresponding in miniature not only to the Light Programme and Home Service, but also to the Third, just as any provincial newspaper of standing finds space for the notice of new books, music and so on. In this respect, some regions appear to do much better than others. A really excellent series of talks at Third Programme level is West Region's *The West in England's Story,* a survey of the course of English history as illustrated in the history of the west. I have heard nothing better of its kind than Mr. G. M. Young's talk in this series on King Alfred.

Generally, however, it is probably in the feature programme that regional life can be best expressed. There were two admirable specimens of such features available to all listeners last week. Mr. Harold Small's *The Innocence of Edmund Galley* was a fascinating and exciting account of the efforts of a handful of disinterested Exeter men to establish, in the face of official inertia, the innocence of a cockney of no good reputation transported to Australia for murder. How, after a struggle lasting forty years, they succeeded with the aid of such parliamentarians of the time as John Bright made an inspiring story. *Wil Six,* a programme from Wales broadcast in the Third, was a quite delightful evocation of elementary school life in North Wales more than thirty years ago. That in spirit it recalled *Tom Sawyer* was the index of its achievement. It was beautifully produced by Mr. P. H. Burton and very well acted both by the school children who took part and the adult actors. In its gaiety and frankness it made a most pleasant addition to the Third Programme's repertory.

But inclusion in the Third or the Home Service is not in itself any real criterion of a regional programme's success. The current Midland feature series, *Look Ahead,* has not been heard on the London wavelength; yet it is the most ambitious attempt to date to present in popular form the effects on our lives of the latest developments in scientific research. These programmes could be criticised on several scores: the writing is seldom distinguished and the production tends to be fussy; there is far too much use of incidental music and of effects for the sake of effects. But the fact that Professor Zuckermann is scientific adviser guarantees their accuracy and, when everything has been said, they do show a genuinely imaginative approach to one of the most difficult problems facing British radio, the interpretation of science to the masses. Another Midland series the audience for which might well be widened is the weekly discussion *Miners at the Microphone,* in which individual miners discuss current problems of output with mining engineers. Last Sunday's discussion on the progress of mechanisation in British pits as compared with those in America and in the Ruhr seemed to me to be of far more than local interest.

WILLIAM SALTER

AN EXHIBITION

DUNCAN GRANT, Vanessa Bell, Keith Baynes, Charles Ginner, Rodrigo Moynihan and Winifred Nicholson are the "Six Painters" now sharing the exhibition thus entitled at Agnews. Unfortunately I have space to deal with only three. Duncan Grant was always a quiet and learned painter; but one used to feel that, if he paid his respects to Cézanne in a manner more scholarly than creative, his feeling for decorative colour redeemed him. If his pursuit of "form" seemed often a little self-conscious and even, at times, pedantic, his organisation of the surface was usually spirited and ample and showed much grace in its execution.

His sense of the decorative, however, was never restricted to a purely two-dimensional design. Even at his gayest and slightest, his starting point was a highly economical and harmonious notation of solid forms. He could define the human figure very forcibly with a few brief rhythmic strokes—perhaps in two tones. Relying on the tone of his strokes as much as on the actual drawing to evoke the form, he felt free to choose his colours for their decorative quality alone. His most successful moments occurred when, content with the degree of solidity evoked by this easeful "handwriting," he would lightly and deftly transcribe a well-balanced arrangement of traditionally pleasing objects. When he is uninhibited by considerations of the supremely plastic, or the monumental, his calligraphic touch can be trusted to weave a substantial and most decorative texture.

But Duncan Grant has increasingly aspired to precisely this monumental, weighty, plastic composition for which I do not believe he was ever, by nature, equipped: the results are such heavy, boring things as the picture of the girl at the piano, bought by the Chantrey Bequest; or the majority of the new paintings in the current show. It is as though, irritated by the variety and dazzle of contemporary explorations, he had determined to dig in to defend what has seemed to him to be soundest, most solid, least showy in his own art. As with all defensive measures, the result lacks life.

It is with equal regret that we note a parallel decline of artistic adventurousness in the work of Miss Vanessa Bell. Though always a more literal artist, and consequently less supple as a composer, she, too, attempts things which are surely beyond her strength. The figures in her large paintings do not fully relate to one another or to their surroundings: their rhythms are ovoid; they are closed in on themselves, entirely separate systems, having almost no give-and-take with the other objects: the abstract values of compositional "flow" are not sufficiently in evidence. The artist whose sense of design is most fully developed knows that every object in the picture must affect the form and colour of every other object in it, even when they are at opposite sides of the canvas.

But the severities implied in this criticism should not be allowed to obscure the services rendered to English painting by these two artists: they have maintained a high level in a number of respects, and over a considerable period of time.

The paintings shown by Mr. Moynihan are extremely accomplished: as a reproduction of appearances they are brilliant. But no artist of this kind completely overlaps the objective camera: personality creeps in; the processes of selection are always responsible for sorting out the visual data—it doesn't sort itself; and it cannot be literally *reproduced,* complete, intact. For Mr. Moynihan, then, the appearance of naked flesh no less than the flat planes of dark green leaves in a vase presents itself in terms of flat, matt patches of dingy colour. These are dovetailed, overlapped, and generally manipulated so that the illusion of photographic reality looms through at us, in all its undiluted ordinariness. Now the ordinariness of ordinary things was at one time a valid point of departure: Courbet, Chardin. But the moment when the scrutiny of appearances in itself excited the imagination is past: subservience to the textures, the infinitely varied tones, the silken or glassy highlights, the always fragmentary contours and outlines (a dark mass edged by a lighter; or vice versa) now seems almost a little masochistic. That Mr. Moynihan is not perfectly in love with his own realism is made clear if one looks at the outlying areas of his canvass. The hard, clear definition is reserved for the central objects alone—the nude herself: the vase of flowers. By the time he gets to her couch or, still more, to the dark recesses of the room behind, those flat patches (I cannot call them planes for they do not re-create form imaginatively: they copy it) have become enlarged and looser. The *real* object no longer looks through so forcibly: the patches or washes of dark paint develop their own rhythms, begin to exist for their own sake. Unfortunately, it is not a particularly distinguished or interesting abstract dance which they perform.

PATRICK HERON

"The Compelled People," at the New Lindsey

Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Birch's play deals with the psychology of Berliners in the early days of the air-lift, when it was assumed that Berlin would soon be wholly absorbed in the Soviet Zone. Hugo von Gerhardt, sensitively played by Ernest Milton, is the tired "premature anti-Fascist"; with the Russians the card he carries showing that he was a political prisoner in a concentration camp carries weight; with the British and Americans he explains that it seems rather an embarrassment. But all three Occupying Powers are keeping a close watch upon him and his daughter. The Russian, whose compound of fanaticism and bonhomie is admirably caught by Paul Demel, wishes to persuade father and daughter to stay in Berlin. Plans to get the father away are made by an old admirer, one of those independent "don't-care-a-damn" spinsters who appear to be a unique product of Britain. Plans to find the daughter a home in the West are made both by a rather obtuse but agreeable American and an English officer who disguises his intelligence (and his work for the Intelligence) by drink and Bertie Wooster conversation. Both father and the daughter hesitate painfully. In the end, it is von Gerhardt's loyalty to Berlin that gives way. The daughter refuses to leave; willing to go to America for love, she will not leave Berlin for the sake of comfort. This play is free of propaganda. It has weaknesses, both of dialogue and of production. The scenes open shakily, but the curtains are good. Mr. and Mrs. Birch have written an absorbing play whose interest is entirely that of ideas and character. Nothing, as we say, "happens." This is a remarkable achievement which suggests that Mr. and Mrs. Birch will write still better plays.

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The Duenna

Roberto Gerhard is a highly talented Spanish composer, long resident in England, whose gifts have not yet been adequately recognised. Those who remember the captivating and ingenious score which he wrote for the radio serial, *Don Quixote,* expected much from his new comic opera, *The Duenna,* of which the B.B.C. gave two studio performances last week. Though containing plenty of arresting and beautiful music, the opera will require extensive curtailment and revision if a stage performance is contemplated. Plot and milieu are typical *opera buffa;* but the composer has handicapped himself by following Sheridan's witty text far too closely and too copiously. Compression must always be one of the first objects of a librettist, and long stretches of elegantly phrased epigrammatic dialogue make particularly intractable material; music can only slow the pace and obscure the pointful intonation, so that not even the composer's delightful orchestral inventions can save such passages from becoming tedious. It must be added that scenes which demand effervescent vivacity (for example, a laughing trio and a drinking bout) remained obstinately sober, and the composer's notion of building up effective comic finales is to introduce strolling citizens of Seville who play no role beyond ejaculating, over and over again, the words "Olé con olé yolé ya." The many beauties in this long score are mostly of a lyrical and reflective kind: among them, a duet for two sopranos and a long romantic solo for the heroine in Act II. The listener to such enchanting pieces as these cannot help wondering whether the composer has not partly misconceived the nature of his talent; given a more suitable subject and the services of an expert librettist, his invention and vivid dramatic powers might produce a noteworthy opera. In a lengthy cast, excellently rehearsed by Stanford Robinson, Victoria Sladen, Joan Cross, Denis Dowling, Arnold Matters and Martin Lawrence were outstandingly good.

Two Galleries

An exhibition of contemporary French lithographs and prints at Gimpel Fils contains one stupendous Braque, *The Grey Teapot,* some violently expressive new Picassos, and a beautifully economical drawing by Derain, *Head,* number 20. But if these stand out, there are still many things by other artists—masters and near-masters—which are of the greatest interest. Leger's six designs are decorative despite harsh strength; Matisse's drawing, *Lying Nude,* shows a familiar mastery that contrasts strangely with the awkward simplification of his lino-cut, *La toilette.* Typical works by Rouault, Miro, and Segonzac are all of a high order; and Vlaminck's etchings of his usual village-landscapes have more power than might have been expected when this artist's huge brush is replaced by the needle. On the other hand Villon's etchings of figures are mechanical and thin: the sculptor Laurens seems a better Cubist in this medium; his *Two Figures* are stylish, as well as being most secure in construction.

Six things by Masson display an angry, slashing line which flowers too rarely into form; he finds it easier to derive a ready-made imagery from Picasso. For quite different reasons it is equally impossible to believe in Gromaire: while Masson is too loose and springy in design, Gromaire is stodgy and stiff. But Sougeron is surely the crudest artist present; his hard, flat shapes, are neither elegant nor austere, like Beaudin's. Although they very nearly have the air of being too carefully worked out, Beaudin's designs create calm space most successfully.

At the St. George's Gallery are paintings by Nejad, a young Turkish painter now working in Paris. His abstract washes of beautiful colour, and the springy lines of construction which intersect them, both owe their quality to his light but firm use of the brush. But though he designs his picture-surface with a strong sense of balance; and though the interaction of his patches of strong, pure colour creates the sense of space—his compositions do not evoke their actual subjects with anything like sufficient force or clarity. They achieve harmony at the level on which it is easiest: the level of abstract, surface design. Happily, his latest—and largest—picture is his best: number 32 is a remarkable work.

Ballets de Paris de Roland Petit, Princes Theatre

Carmen is the most striking and ambitious work we have seen from Roland Petit; in it he exhibits all his merits and some defects. He has stirred in a number of ingredients taken from revue, circus, cinema and flamenco to make a well-spiced *olla podrida.* Bits are excellent, particularly the *pas de deux* from the bedroom scene, and he is fortunate in his tomboy of a Carmen—Renée Jeanmaire; she is as beautiful as a jay and perfectly suited to the erotic idiom of the piece. Petit himself has a star personality, and there are flashes of brilliance in his choreography: in the part of Don José he makes a dramatic, if shallow, effect. His dancing has become mannered, frequently vulgar; movements are too often given a tricky punch. Clavé's modish Spanish sets are admirable—brightly coloured and effective, though perhaps some of the dresses are over-reminiscent of Picasso's *Tricorne;* but the general impression is always suitably vivid. Less happy is the misuse of Bizet's music, chopped up and stuck together into a ragged montage. (The *Habanera* provides a most inappropriate accompaniment to Petit's *pas seul.*) Still this ballet is clearly the company's best work. Its stridency and vitality make a refreshing contrast to the romantic decay (now fashionable in France), which deadens so much of the repertoire—notably in *Combat* whose poor choreography, music and decor combine to make a windy ballet the dullest they do. Of the rest *Adame Miroir* is memorable for one of the best sets done for any modern ballet—a Hall of Mirrors by the Belgian Surrealist, Paul Delvaux. *Thème et Variations* showed some inventive "abstract" choreography by Janine Charrat, but it was inadequately danced. In so new a company an effect of patchiness is inevitable. Even a very much more mature choreographer would find his originality taxed by the task of inventing six new ballets within a year.

Prima Donna

The London Opera Club can be congratulated on their production (producer, Dennis Arundell) of Arthur Benjamin's fifteen-year-old one-act opera *Prima Donna.* This gay little work was presented for two nights only at the Fortune Theatre last week and provided an hour's lively entertainment. It is amusingly contrived in the manner of an eighteenth-century Italian comedy of intrigue, from which all the characters are borrowed; and the scene is laid in 1750 Venice. Mr. Benjamin and his librettist, Mr. Cedric Cliffe, have managed to turn out a delightful piece of nonsense in which witty and tuneful music underlines the amusing adventures of an impecunious nephew and his friend. They entertain, with the aid of a complaisant soubrette and two leading ladies from the Opera, the rich uncle on whom the nephew's great expectations are centred.

The ladies hate each other like poison, as only rival *prime donne* can (during an exchange of pleasantries one says of the other: "She's as well frequented as the Grand Canal")—the course of the story is not hard to imagine.

George James' performance as the Uncle was both amusing and stylish; Douglas Craig and Max Worthley sang agreeably as the nephew and his friend, and the three female parts were vocally and visually well sustained by Mesdames Maria Perelli, Patricia Hughes and Bruna Maclean. The composer conducted, and there was never a dull moment.

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Correspondence

FILM FINANCE

SIR,—It is incorrect to divide the proceeds of a shilling seat into 5d. for Entertainments Tax, 4d. for exhibitor, 1d. for distributor and 2d. for producer. Entertainments tax is paid by the public, and exhibitors are merely collectors. It should not, therefore, be included in any allocation of selling price as between producer and exhibitor. The true selling price of the film is 7d. Furthermore, production and distribution are normally under the same control. Thus, assuming a selling price of 7d., 4d. goes to exhibitors, and 3d. to producers.

The amount of capital required to erect thousands of cinemas is many times the amount invested in production. The expenses of running cinemas are heavy. At least one thousand exhibitors do not average a profit from their cinemas of more than £500 per annum. Another large section, being public companies, publish their accounts, which are available for all to see. Cinemas must be kept open, on a profitable basis. Otherwise, if they close in any considerable numbers, British producers will not be able to obtain finance for production.

Independent producers went out of business through the abandonment of renters' quota, against which we protested; but British producers failed to support our protest. The only immediate hope we can see for independent producers is to link up with the American companies and use unremittable sterling to finance British production. There are no signs that the independent British producers have taken any steps to support our efforts to bring this about.

Would Mr. Launder deny that British studios have been a spendthrift's paradise during the past few years? It appears that, on an average, a British producer would know before he commenced a film that he could expect to lose 20 per cent. of the production cost. Fortunately, about 25 per cent. of the cost could be eliminated without any real damage to what appears on the screen; but as an economy of this kind affects salaries and wages, which may amount to as much as 60 per cent. of the production costs, it will not be achieved overnight nor without an amount of unrest. It is quite unnecessary to talk of British production closing down. There will probably be fewer films, but this will be no disadvantage if greater attention can be paid to quality.

Lord Lucas, the Government spokesman, recently agreed in the House of Lords that the British film industry cannot even satisfy a quota of 45 per cent., still less exceed it. This confirms our prediction. One trouble with the 45 per cent. quota is the temptation to churn out films at the expense of quality. Exhibitors are accused of lack of interest in British films. I can supply a list of nine recent British films which can be relied upon to halve the normal receipts of any cinema in which they are shown.

It would be far better to cut the quota to 25 per cent. as a means of restoring confidence, because the City would know that a quota of this figure could be both produced and exhibited, whereas at present everyone knows what Lord Lucas has confirmed.

Producers might also realise that exhibitors, who spend their lives in contact with the public, are never consulted in relation to production. Equally, the Government has accepted too readily the promises of producers, which they have failed in all respects to justify. We venture to hope that the quota for the ensuing year will be fixed, as was always intended, in relation to the realities of British production.

W. R. FULLER
General Secretary

Cinematograph Exhibitors' Association
Of Great Britain and Ireland.

DEAD MEN'S MONEY

SIR,—The letter from Guy W. Keeling, of the New Education Fellowship, raises a problem which is of vital interest to voluntary movements, most of which are now being brought into much closer co-operation with Government Departments and encouraged to undertake special tasks in various aspects of the National Reconstruction programme, but are invariably left to provide their own funds for the organisation and administration of such efforts. One could provide ample illustrations of this by reference to the wide extension of activities of a body like the Workers' Educational Association which, during the war, extended its activities to education in H.M. Forces, to the organisation of special educational work connected with Civil Defence and to similar provisions in munitions and agricultural workers' hostels.

Since the war, it has tried to make its special contribution to re-education in Germany, by the organisation of joint summer schools with German Folk High Schools, by providing week-end and summer school facilities for Colonial students in the hope that might inspire them to the development of adult education in the Colonies, and is now undertaking special work among European Volunteer Workers.

All this is additional to its normal function of providing adult education to meet the needs of local communities, and it naturally places a heavy strain on both the administration and organising machinery of a voluntary movement. The W.E.A. has never thought in terms of complete Government maintenance for organising and administrative costs; it is naturally anxious to maintain complete independence as a voluntary movement, but it is of enormous importance that funds which have been originally designated for education and social welfare should be liberated, and that voluntary movements should be free to share in the bounty.

What seems to be necessary is the formation of some national body which could administer the funds in the same way that the University Grants Committee administers the grants to Universities, and it ought to be possible for the Ministry of Education, as Mr. Guy W. Keeling suggests, to take the initiative in some centralised scheme to administer funds which are lying dormant, to the advantage of the social and cultural work which is so severely handicapped by shortage of available funds.

ERNEST GREEN
Workers' Educational Association. *General Secretary*

DIVIDED IRELAND

SIR,—I live in one of the three counties of Ulster which are free from the tyranny of the Orange drum. During the election I spoke for Nationalist candidates in the Nationalist counties of Fermanagh and Tyrone in company with Sir Shane Leslie from the neighbouring Free County of Monaghan.

The Orangemen, a little shocked to see a Baronet and a Brigadier in action against the "King's Men," left us alone, bar an occasional onion from Unionists behind the platform. I was not in Belfast, but in the rural areas of Fermanagh and Tyrone the issue was not economic but National. Such economics as there were were inter-racial, cases in which the Anglo-Scottish colonials who permanently govern British-occupied North-East Ulster actively discriminate against the Catholic Irish inhabitants, even if these be British ex-soldiers.

It was clear that until the National issue is settled by the return of the Six Counties to Free Ireland there cannot be room for Social Democratic politics in the six counties. It has taken the British Labour Party the loss of four Labour seats to realize what a Tory-Unionist viper it nurses in its bosom.

Make no mistake about it: the whole set up—Orange drum, oranges and razors, intimidation, gerrymandering, Gestapo and all—belongs to Britain; the Customs are H.M.'s Customs; the troops are H.M.'s Army; "God Save The King" is an Orange party song, the Union Jack, St. Patrick's Cross and all, an Orange party banner. You in Britain own the whole dirty business. I hope you're proud of it.

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Bellamont Forest, Cootehill, Co. Cavan.
Eric Dorman-Smith
Brigadier

Sir,—I enter with reluctance into what may seem like political controversy, but as the Special Correspondent who contributed to your number of February 19th an article purporting to describe the recent General Election in Northern Ireland has seen fit to introduce a sentence taken out of its context from my *Constitutional History of Modern Britain*, I may perhaps be permitted to correct such false impressions as the quotation may have created in the minds of those who have not read the original passage and who may regard my words as throwing a sinister light on the electoral process in this Province.

The paragraph from which this particular sentence has been culled has nothing whatever to do with "the whole conduct of elections," any more than the sentence itself has. It was written in 1937 as a brief survey up to that date of the political, as distinct from the administrative, results of devolution in Northern Ireland. The essential point towards which it was directed is admirably stated in the sixth paragraph of the letter from Mr. John Hewitt which appeared in the same number as your Correspondent's article. The chief Opposition party does not offer itself as an adequate alternative to the present Government because it rejects the constitutional status of the Province as set out in the Government of Ireland Act. Attempts, which have not been infrequent, to establish new Opposition parties have failed either because these parties have not been willing to make a complete and unequivocal acceptance of the constitutional position or because, even if their attitude on this fundamental issue was clear, their differences with the majority party lost all significance through the constitutional question being forced to a crisis. Politicians in Southern Ireland and elsewhere have seen to it that such crises, with their disastrous effects on the fortunes of new opposition parties, should arise as often as possible. Whenever they have done so, the same result has followed and the recent General Election has signally illustrated the inevitable outcome of their meddling.

The stifling of new parties may not be a happy feature of Northern Ireland politics but there can be no doubt where the main responsibility for it lies. It lies with that party which with its external instigators has so repeatedly called in question the right of Northern Ireland to exist at all. In no way can it be attributed to any defect or curtailment of normal political rights in a self-governing democratic State.

The Queen's University, Belfast.
David Keir,
Vice-Chancellor

BULGARIAN EVANGELICALS

Sir,—May I suggest that Critic was premature in saying that the confessions of the leaders of the Evangelical Churches in Bulgaria would "not convince anyone in the West"? Would it not have been wiser to await the evidence produced at the trial?

The main reason, however, for my seeking the hospitality of your columns is to draw attention to the general tendency of the British press to approach this trial, without waiting for the evidence, with preconceived bias, and to depict the prosecution as part of a campaign of suppression of religion. In refutation of this charge, let me cite Dr. Paul Garber, Methodist Bishop for Central and Southern Europe, who is on record as having said: "Complete religious freedom is granted in Bulgaria to the Methodists and to all the other small churches."

Again, in a letter addressed to the Director of Creeds at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs in Sofia, Dr. J. Nussbaum, General Secretary of the International Association for the Defence of Religious Freedom, expressed his pleasure at the measures for tolerance taken in Bulgaria, where, during his visit, he found "that all the churches were open and that all kinds of religious ceremonies were performed."

May I add that, notwithstanding the arrest of the fifteen Evangelical pastors on grave charges, there has been no interruption in the services of their churches. In the Evangelical Church in Sofia, in which one of the principal accused—Vassal Ziapkov—was preaching, his wife has been conducting the service. It should not be forgotten that accusations have been made against only fifteen out of one hundred and thirty eight Evangelical pastors in the country; and that the great majority of the 16,000 Evangelicals in Bulgaria (among whom I am myself included) have profound contempt for such activities as those of which the arrested men are accused.
Boris Temkov

Legation of the Peoples' Republic of Bulgaria, S.W.7.

CZECH RADIOS

Sir,—Surely the main point has been missed by your very distinguished contributors, which is that the confiscation of radio sets and the substitution of the relay system is very unlikely to be proposed for the purpose suggested.

Relay systems are in use in Britain and many other countries; they provide high-quality programmes, and economise on the production of radio receivers. They do, however, limit choice of programmes.

The Russians, like the British, use this system, but also make and supply normal receivers. Your correspondents may care to refer to the *Wireless World* of August, 1947 (which is not, as far as I know, a Left-wing journal), where a picture of the 50,000th set produced by the Eletrosila factory of Voronezh is shown. It covers the 25-75, 200 to 550 and 750 to 2,000 metre bands. This journal states that: "Production of receivers is considerably in advance of the pre-war output."

The country that wished to prevent listening to foreign broadcasts would have to control the supply of radio parts, the materials from which they are made, and the technical data and knowledge about the design and construction of receivers. Tens of thousands of persons will have such knowledge if only as the result of wartime training and even if they lacked it, they could learn enough to construct a set in a few evenings.
Dennis Chapman

Liverpool, 7.

CUNARD RED STAR?

Sir,—Your feature "So They Say..." is a splendid corrective to Fleet Street. But you should avoid making errors in this feature for the purpose of scoring off the National dailies. Tell the full facts, be not afraid.

You say that the *Daily Mail* and the *Daily Graphic* omitted a statement published by the Cunard Company in explanation of a scene that occurred when the liner Samaria was at Le Havre. It is true that the *Daily Express* published the Cunard statement. But the *Express* added to that statement the following message from its Le Havre correspondent:—

"Police used revolver butts to stop some of the crew from going ashore.

"A police spokesman said last night: 'We could not have intervened without a demand to do so from the captain of the ship. Order was quickly restored.'"

No doubt the *Daily Mail* and the *Daily Graphic* did not publish the Cunard statement because they doubted whether the shipping company had all the facts at their disposal.
A. Christiansen

Daily Express.

LALLANS

Sir,—So much ink has recently flowed in the Scottish press on the subject of Lallans that perhaps the shock of finding it spilling over into the columns of The New Statesman and Nation should not have been so great as it actually was. Still, I suppose a little

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nonsense now and then is relished by the wisest men.

Neil McCallum (what an un-Lallan name!) urges that Lallans poetry should not be regarded as a "peripheral phenomenon of English letters," and that the movement should not be seen as "an association of individuals acting the dilettante with archaisms and parochialisms." He is urging, in fact, that the Lallans movement should not be seen as what it actually is.

I should like to know in what way words like "trauchle" and "ingyne" are superior to current English, or how the use of "dayligaun" for "dusk" and "how-dumb-deid" for "dead of night" is reckoned "fresh and vigorous after the worn coinage of journalese and officialese." English poets might as well revert to using "gannets bath" for the sea and "coldest corn" for hailstones. That sort of thing is as fresh and vigorous as a fossilised skull. I should say that "how-dumb-deid" sums it up nicely.

The writers in Lallans seem to think it unpatriotic to write in anything that could be called "English."

In actual fact, the Anglian dialect spoken by the Lowland Scots *is* English and was so called by Scotsmen till the 16th century, the West Saxon dialect spoken south of the Humber being known as "Southron.'"

What actually happened, of course, was that when the Scots annexed England by putting James VI on Elizabeth's throne, they also annexed the West Saxon dialect, which they found greatly superior to their own clumsy and unprecise Anglian. They adopted it, mastered it, and permitted it to share with their own language the name "Inglis."

So there is nothing "un-Scottish" about writing in English and we must look for some motive other than patriotism to explain the tendency of certain Scots writers to seek refuge in linguistic esotericism. Refuge from what? Surely nobody would be so cruel as to suggest that by writing in Lallans they are narrowing the field of literary competition.

Tower Brae Cottage, ALEC S. GILLAN
Selkirk.

FILM ACTORS' RIGHTS

SIR,—Mr. Stephen Murray, the film actor, lets a cat out of the bag in his letter in your issue of February 26. "I am not permitted," he states, "while under contract to a film company, to express my views in the press on controversial subjects." Are we to understand, then, that film companies deny their employees one of the most fundamental of civil rights? And does the law allow them to do this?

As all subjects are controversial, Mr. Stephen Murray and his fellows are presumably not permitted to express any views on anything, from the New Look to prison reform. L. E. MORRIS

99 Eastcote Road,
Middlesex.

SHAKESPEARE'S CHURCH

SIR,—Baedeker, in his London edition of 1908 writes as under:—

> In Aldermanbury, to the W. of the Guildhall, is the Church of St. Mary, Aldermanbury, containing the tomb of Lord Jeffreys (d. 1689), of the Bloody Assizes. Milton was married here to his second wife in 1656. Heminge and Condell, Shakespeare's brother actors, who published the first folio edition of his plays (1623) are commemorated by a monument in the churchyard (1896).

If Baedeker's information is correct, the church cannot have been "created in 1677" by Wren, as stated by Mr. Ivor Brown. The reference to the monument in the churchyard also has its significance in the light of the previous correspondence.

J. O. C. DALTON

The Plot, Adams Road, Cambridge.

COLONIAL RULE

SIR,—I have been very interested to read of the recall of Lord Baldwin from the Leeward Isles, but I am astonished at the surprise it has caused. Any liberal-minded person who, like myself, has recently worked in the Colonies, knows that even in the most "progressive" dependencies to defend the present British Government or ignore the colour-bar is considered by many local Europeans tantamount to declaring oneself a Communist.

I wonder if the Colonial Secretary realises that in one of Britain's "model colonies" locally engaged Europeans, doing important pioneer Government work for the welfare of peasant populations, have recently been removed from areas and deprived of their posts on the strength of "secret and confidential" letters from Resident Commissioners. These persons, originally volunteers sent out to the Colony by charitable societies, are not governed by Colonial Regulations but by local General Orders, and have not only no right of appeal against dismissal but have not been allowed to know the contents of the "secret" letters so that they may defend themselves. It is known, however, that in one case a woman worker had declined on humanitarian and vocational grounds an invitation (not an instruction) to transfer from welfare to police work, and had, moreover, committed the social crime of being seen about with an unmarried European man for over a year without becoming formally engaged. This woman had belonged to no political organisation whatever since leaving England, had taken no part in public political discussion, and had never anywhere belonged to any organisation more extreme than the Fabian Society.

In the same country Government offices have been ransacked by the police and officials have handed round copies of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION as if it were the most dangerous "red" literature. I have heard a European Colonial Servant of the old school say that "the whole of the London School of Economics should be in a concentration camp."

How does this particular Colonial Government expect to defeat Communism? Apparently by getting rid of all moderate progressive influences and sharpening the struggle between two extremes, exactly as Communists everywhere have always predicted—and desired. EX-COLONIAL

JOHN NEWTON

SIR,—Some years ago I began a biography of John Newton, the friend of William Cowper, Wilberforce, and Hannah More. I found a good deal of hitherto unused material and concluded amongst other things, that Newton influenced Coleridge, which influence is the subject of a short book now being printed by Messrs. Heinemann. Before I complete the biography I should like to trace one volume of Newton's diary which begins in the year 1757. This volume was in England early this century and I shall be most grateful if any of your readers can tell me anything of it. BERNARD MARTIN

Dellwood, Danbury,
Essex.

CONFESSIONS

SIR,—Now that the Government are filled with enthusiasm for the removal of beams from the eyes of foreign States is it too much to hope that some attention may be paid to the mote in our own? In more than thirty years' experience of the Courts, I have found that the great majority of accused persons have made "statements" to the Police. In many cases they wished to repudiate these confessions. As a High Court Judge said many years ago, "the atmosphere of a Police Station seems to be singularly conducive to confessions."

The Royal Commission on Police Powers and Procedure reported:

> We have received a volume of responsible evidence which it is impossible to ignore suggesting that a number of the voluntary statements now tendered in Court are not "Voluntary" in the strict sense of the word.

The Report (dated March 16th, 1929) made a number of recommendations which have not been carried out. C. L. HODGKINSON

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JONATHAN CAPE

BOOKS IN GENERAL

In whose biography are you and I destined to provide an incidental footnote? Among our variously gifted friends, which man of talent, as we consider him now, will be saluted by future critics as recognisably a man of genius, with the result that public curiosity swoops on his associates and, after a long period of grateful obscurity, we are hounded back into the daylight? To see Shelley plain was a dangerous privilege: you might be vaguely haloed as a "Magnetic Lady," but you might also share the fate of poor tawdry Harriet and diabolical Miss Hitchener. Byron, too, made many posthumous victims; but, while the strange illumination that he shed picked out in cruel relief the folly and absurdity of most of the women he loved or who decided that they loved him, to the men he knew it has been less unkind; for, whereas he was inclined to choose his mistresses at random, or to allow himself to be chosen by any moderately attractive she-rake, determined enough to wear down his resistance, in masculine friendships he used both heart and head, and was not ashamed to give free play to his more generous impulses. Thus a biographer, before he has done, grows desperately sick of Lady Caroline and Countess Guiccioli (who seem, now and then, not so much individuals as crude personifications of the Feminine Principle at its silliest and deadliest), but remains tolerant of Leigh Hunt and warmly attached to Matthews and Moore, Douglas Kinnaird and Scrope Davies. As for Hobhouse, though it is difficult not to laugh at him and at rare moments almost loathe him, there was something about that shy, pompous, egotistical, tactless but upright and well-meaning personage which, after a time, must recommend him to a modern reader's sympathy.

We feel wiser and gayer for having made his acquaintance; and had he no connection with the life of Byron, John Cam Hobhouse, elevated to the peerage as Lord Broughton in 1851, would to-day lie at peace within the pages of the *Dictionary of National Biography*, decently interred under several massive paragraphs. But during the opening decade of the nineteenth century, John Cam, eldest son of Sir Benjamin Hobhouse, a rich commercial baronet, went up as Pensioner to Trinity College, Cambridge, and there caught sight of a pale-faced, curly-headed young man whom he resented at the first glance. Lord Byron was wearing a white hat and a grey coat and riding a grey horse—an assemblage of colours which Hobhouse, always touchy in matters of convention, would appear to have stigmatised as affected and ungentlemanly; and he did not overcome his original prejudice till the summer of 1807, when he had examined a copy of Byron's early verses, and both young enthusiasts had joined the Cambridge Whig Club. From that stage a friendship quickly developed, flourishing, as friendships are apt to do on their extreme dissimilarity, and refreshed and enlivened by numerous tiffs and squabbles. Byron possessed an extraordinary fascination, did he care to exercise it: Hobhouse was relatively lacking in charm, but was not without wit and a certain trenchant shrewdness. Byron, the product of a long line of violent and unhappy prodigals, was a fatalist and an immoralist, haunted by a sense of guilt; and Hobhouse, beneath his wordly trappings, preserved many of the virtues of his solid merchant forbears. Yes, he was *solid*—that was the appropriate adjective. Broad-shouldered and brief in stature—Cobbett once called him "little Sancho," and Hobhouse by way of retaliation endeavoured to knock the reformer down—he had a wide forehead, an aquiline nose, a substantial and aggressive chin. Not that he was in the least a prig. Charles Skinner Matthews, the "Citoyen," whom Byron would afterwards describe as an intellectual giant, professed atheist, free-liver and master of the daring paradox, might fluster and disconcert, but could not wholly floor, him. With Scrope Davies he gambled and drank; and, when he accompanied his Cambridge boon-companions, with their assorted "house-holds and whore-holds" on a visit to the seaside, he plunged boldly into the raffish pleasures of Brighton, emerging none the worse for wear, if somewhat dizzy and exhausted, having consumed far too much champagne and hock, and, during the course of an intoxicated quarrel, stabbed Davies with a table-knife. . . .

Yet in essence he remained profoundly respectable—a righteous, even on occasions a slightly censorious, representative of the liberal-minded upper-middle class. Hence the peculiarity, and the constant vicissitudes, of his relationship with Byron who, albeit less aristocratic than he liked to imagine and considerably less satanic than he sometimes chose to noise about, was as reckless of his reputation as his fabulous grand-uncle, "The Wicked Lord." But although it underwent a variety of changes, Hobhouse's attitude towards his fascinating friend was never sanctimonious or insensitive. He appreciated Byron's astonishing qualities, and was prepared to attribute to him a degree of moral worth that the poet's conduct of his private life did not often seem to justify: he refused, on the other hand, to settle down into the role of tame admirer. A naturally obstinate and self-centred man, far from welcoming the patronage of a wayward child of genius, he could not himself always restrain a tone of half-impatient patronage. Byron might be a wonderfully good companion; but Childe Harold, or Byron in the Childe Harold mood, frequently offended against his native common sense. Worse still, the "dear fellow" occasionally behaved in a most un-English manner! At the jovial debauchery of Cambridge and Brighton and London, Hobhouse, sceptic and man of the world, showed no disposition to raise a disapproving eyebrow; but, once the two of them had set out for Turkey and Greece, where the travellers were cut off from wholesome English influences, he observed with dismay that his friend's habits became more and more bohemian, and that he tended to pick up remarkably dubious cronies and queer Levantine hangers-on. In fact, their joint tour was not entirely harmonious; yet they managed to get through it without an open quarrel; and, while Byron was only moderately reluctant to say goodbye to Hobhouse, John Cam experienced a pang of regret that obviously surprised him, and which in his wary, inhibited fashion he did his best to smile away. "Took leave (he noted dryly in his private journal) *non sine lacrymis,* of this singular young person on a little stone terrace . . . at the end of the bay, dividing with him a little nosegay of flowers; perhaps the last thing that I shall ever divide with him." But the island of Zea was not the end of their pilgrimage; and in mid-July, 1811, Hobhouse learned that Byron was expected home. "Welcome," he wrote in Latin, "will be the arrival of the hour unhoped for," and in English: "Thank God you are not, as Fletcher . . . told me you were, gone to *Pallantine in Egypt*."

A year later, *Childe Harold* appeared; and the singular young person, getting more singular and more moody as the days went on, opened his eyes to discover that he was now a famous poet. It must be remembered to Hobhouse's advantage that, although his own literary efforts had proved completely fruitless, he was able to withstand the vulgar pricks of envy. The line that he adopted was understanding and protective, rather than competitive. With Lady Caroline pleading and storming, and her mother, Lady Bessborough (whom Byron had nicknamed "Lady Blarney") loudly expostulating in the middle distance, while Melbourne House rocked to its foundations; with even the Prince Regent, as a former devotee of Lady Melbourne, feeling constrained to put a word in, making "diabolick" suggestions about Byron's sexual temperament, before long the puzzled protector found he had his hands full. The levity of his friend's fashionable acquaintances was constantly embarrassing, sometimes downright shocking. Lady Besborough had asked him to call: when "in the midst of our conversation in comes Lady C. Lamb, who talked of Lady Bessborough and myself looking guilty. Here's pass for the world to come to." Lady Oxford, who had supplanted Lady Caroline, was nearly as unnerving; for, though exceedingly civil to a shy young man, she was also "most uncommon in her talk, and licentious"; and her daughter, Lady Jane Harley, whom Hobhouse was inclined to adore, struck him as "a delightful creature" but, regrettably, *un peu libre*. By Lady Caroline he was frankly appalled and disgusted. In preparing his candid and informative biography of John Cam Hobhouse, *My Friend H.*,[*] Mr. Michael Joyce has had access to unpublished portions of his hero's private journal; and he includes a diverting account of one of her many piratical descents on Byron's London lodgings, the small rooms that he inhabited above a hatter's shop in Bennet Street. The friends had planned to set out for Harrow; but at noon a succession of thunderous raps shook the panels of the front door. They saw a crowd in the street below, and "immediately a person in a most strange disguise walked upstairs; it turned out to be the Lady in question from Brocket. She, seeing me, ran up the garret stairs on which I went down into Mr. Dollman's shop and ordered a hat. . . ." A less staunch character might have taken to flight, reflecting as he escaped down St. James's Street that, after all, Lady Caroline's importunities were none of his concern. But Hobhouse gallantly returned to the fray, peremptorily forbade an elopement (which the unfortunate lover had promised as an alternative to suicide), soothed the indignant landlord downstairs, ordered Fletcher, Byron's valet, to keep a sharp watch on the bedroom, borrowed a housemaid's bonnet and shoes, performed miracles with hackney-coaches and finally deposited Lady Caroline upon a neutral doorstep.

> God knows (he concluded) that from the very beginning I have done my best to keep my friend out of the scrape. My first wish was that he should give this lady . . . no power over him by consenting to any serious folly, and when I knew everything had passed between them, my next desire was to prevent a public disclosure and an elopement. This latter event would, as B. assured me and assures me, have certainly taken place but for the part I played in the transactions of yesterday . . .

Well, the dear misguided fellow had scrambled out of his scrape—a stroke of good luck for which John Cam, quite justifiably, was prepared to claim some credit. Byron was not impossible to manage if one loved and understood him; and for a while Hobhouse remained firmly convinced that the disturbing rumours which began to circulate were altogether baseless. Then in 1816 Lady Byron left home; and he found himself head over heels in a far deeper, darker scandal. At first he resolutely declined to believe that the "Princess of Parallelograms" had any genuine grievance—his old friend delighted in mystification, and was apt to indulge a somewhat distorted sense of humour; but when the poet's half-sister and his cousin, who had been the unwilling spectators of distressful scenes at Piccadilly Terrace, described "very great tyranny, menaces, furies, neglects and even real injuries," he felt obliged to accuse Byron of some degree of double-dealing and

> got him to own much of what I had been told. . . . He was dreadfully agitated, said he was ruined and would blow out his brains. He, indignant but yet terrified sometimes, says "and yet she loved me once," and at other times that he is glad to be quit of such a woman. . . . I took leave of my poor friend—Alas! what a ruin

Although his faith in Byron had been severely shaken, their friendship persisted without further serious mishaps till the spring of 1824, when early one May morning he received the news from Missolonghi. Byron's death caused him "an agony of grief such as I have experienced only twice before in my life—once when I lost my dear friend, Charles Skinner Matthews, and afterwards when at Paris I heard that my brother Benjamin had been killed at Quatre Bras. . . ." In July the body returned to England; and Hobhouse, who had originally refused to approach it, at length followed Kinnaird towards the open coffin. Slowly approaching, he had a glimpse of the features. "Distorted, discoloured, and grotesque, they retained not a trace of the living

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[*] *My Friend H.* By Michael Joyce. *John Murray.* 21s.

Byron. . . ." Having bidden this ghastly farewell, and closed the most stimulating chapter of a long and active life-story, he swung back to the world of practical affairs, from which the spectacle of Byron's rise and fall had intermittently distracted him. He lived to be eighty-three, married comfortably, begat children, inherited his father's large fortune and held high public office. The fervent radicalism of his youth was gradually replaced by a very moderate type of liberalism, and some of his early allies were apt to murmur that Hobhouse was a renegade; yet the lineaments of the juvenile Hobhouse never completely disappeared. Pompous and humourless he may often have been; but beneath the obstinacy and self-assertion lurked a touching sensitiveness, complicated by a strain of almost morbid diffidence. Naturally warm-hearted, he was always afraid of emotion; and his tendency was usually to minimise the value and importance of his own feelings. In consequence, he frequently strikes us as churlish and ungracious; and, when after much gloomy debate he finally decided to venture into marriage, his treatment of his betrothed showed Hobhouse at his least romantic, so determined was he not to exaggerate the quality of his affection for her. That his was a *mariage de raison* he firmly insisted. Lady Julia Hay was not very young, nor (one deduces) disturbingly attractive; but she came of a rich and distinguished family, and seemed (Hobhouse remarked) "a most amiable, well-disposed person," whose combination of breeding and virtue could scarcely fail to do him credit. During the first weeks of their marriage, his journal received a characteristic entry: "In public matters . . . I do think I am as honest as a man can be in an unreformed Parliament. It has come round to me from several quarters that Julia says she enjoys perfect happiness; some folk are easily pleased." Yet the concluding sneer was aimed rather at himself than at the devoted Lady Julia, whom at her death he was to describe as the pride and treasure of his heart, and whom during her lifetime he loved and cherished faithfully. For in the depths of his mind hid a demon of doubt; and that doubting demon was perhaps another form of good angel. Many charges may be brought against Hobhouse: some telling criticisms have been made by his biographer: but one uncommon and endearing trait appears in the record of all his words and actions. He was solemn and sententious: yet he was rarely smug. A rich, respectable and respected man, to the end of his existence he did not acquire complacency. PETER QUENNELL

POST-ATOMIC SEX

Ape and Essence. By ALDOUS HUXLEY. *Chatto & Windus.* *7s. 6d.*

Mr. Huxley's gift horse gives the uncritical rider such a blood-curdling ride through the Californian Yahoo country that the critic hesitates, and hesitates, before forcing the beast's jaws apart. Let us say that it is a first-class pseudo-scientific shocker—something like M. P. Shiels' *Purple Cloud*—and let us then hasten away. There is a clearly recognised literary field in which people produce stories about mad scientists who do rum things, but literary critics have no business with what goes on there—that is the affair of the Watch Committees, the Chief Constables, and such robust moralists as the late Lord Brentford, and Mr. George Orwell. Let us therefore . . . but it is Mr. Huxley himself who makes the claim to be talking seriously about matters of importance and whom thus forfeits the shocker writers immunity. He begins his excursions into the possibilities of what may be called post-atomic sex on the highest possible plane: "It was the day of Gandhi's assassination . . .", line two refers discreetly to Jesus, and the rest of the page is as thickly studded with "good" names as a well-conducted gossip column. One nods to Ptolemy, Beddoes, Byron, Keats, Shelley before passing on to page two where one immediately encounters Martin Luther speaking—as one might expect—German. It is plain that this is serious business, and no shocker, and that we are getting on to serious topics, guilt, ethics, moral responsibility, and all that. "It was the day of Gandhi's assassination . . . but across the desk in his office, across the lunch table in the Commissary, Bob Briggs was concerned to talk only about himself . . . ." The familiar Huxley approach to the familiar Huxley theme: one settles back expectantly . . . but something comes over Mr. Huxley when Bob Briggs is on the scene.

> "You've always been such a help," Bob assured me, as he made ready, not without relish, to tell the latest instalment of his history.
>
> But at bottom, as I knew very well, and as Bob himself knew even better than I, he didn't really want to be helped. He liked being in a mess and, still more, he liked talking about his predicament.

Bob Briggs has been, it is quite obvious, filched entire from a back number of one of the sillier women's papers, from his absurd name down to his all-girls-together manner.

> Bob took my arm and squeezed it.
>
> "You've been enormously helpful," he assured me again.
>
> "I wish I could believe it, Bob."
>
> "But it's true, it's true."

Bob may think so, but at least one reader can't. Poor Bob is a Hollywood script-writer on the slide, they are rude to him at the studio when he asks them for money, his wife has taken all his property and money from him by a smart legal trick, his hair is going white, and his mistress is taking what is known in civil service circles as the appropriate action about his failing sexual powers. And all Huxley can do for the poor chap is to knock the tar out of him for not feeling guilty about the assassination of Gandhi. Mr. Huxley hasn't taken much trouble with poor Bob because his only function is to introduce another character called Tallis, who elbows him aside after a few pages. Tallis has the considerable advantage, from a Huxley character's point of view, of being dead and beyond further suffering. He earned his peace, though, the hard, Huxley way. His first wife was a frigid German, his second a hot American bitch, and his declining years were clouded by a suspicion amounting to a certainty that his daughter by the first marriage was existing in Germany by trading you-know-what for Hershey Bars with the army of occupation. We come to know him posthumously through the film script he wrote to raise enough money to save the poor girl from her life of shame. Now we know more or less what Hollywood is, and we know pretty well what Hollywood does; what are we to think of Tallis, after giving him credit for his entirely laudable motive, for turning in for consideration by a Hollywood studio a script of which this is a typical sample:

> Surely its obvious
> Doesn't every schoolboy know it?
> Ends are ape chosen; only the means are man's.
> Papio's procurer, bursar to baboons,
> Reason comes running, eager to ratify;
> Comes a catchfart with philosophy, truckling to tyrants;
> Comes a pimp for Prussia, with Hegel's patent history;
> Comes with medicine to administer the apeking's aphrodisiac;
> Comes, rhyming and with rhetoric, to write his orations;
> Comes with the calculus to aim his rockets,
> Accurately at the orphanage across the ocean;
> Comes, having aimed, with incense to impetrate
> Our Lady devoutly for a direct hit.

Could anyone but an idiot send this second-rate parody of Auden at his quainte olde alliterative

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'. . . This most entertaining and enlightening book . . .' ***TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT.***

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Saxony worste in to Hollywood as a possible money-spinner? And if Tallis is an idiot who can make such an absurd assessment of Hollywood, what value are his speculations about the more complex aspects of reality. These speculations are the substance of the book.

Tallis' script—one's admiration for the Huxley of the Twenties compels one to put it that way—describes the arrival of a research expedition from an untouched New Zealand on the coast of a California which has been sliding back into barbarism for two generations after an atomic world war. The war destroyed everything in the Americas that sustained elaborate social organisation, and the Californians have sunk to the most primitive kind of tribal life. The New Zealander who incautiously lags behind a landing party is carried off into, oh, the strangest world. It has to be confessed that Tallis has originality of a kind; no one else has suggested that dilettante eclecticism in religious matters is likely to be a by-product of atomic fission. Nor does Tallis in so many words, but nothing else can explain his Californian developments. The New Zealander encounters a theocracy of castrated priests who worship Belial with a ritual based on *Salammbo*, and patchily enriched by material from the works of Dr. Harrison, Sir James Frazer, and one or two others. That these Californian castrati should be able to undo four thousand years of religious development in fifty to sixty years is unlikely enough; that they should complicate their task of enthroning a god of evil by giving him the horns and tail which have made Old Nick an absurdity for two or three hundred years puts the thing into the realm of the impossible. The history of religions, so far as it is known, affords no instance of a devil or recognised god of evil ousting a god of light—the movement is always the other way, and once an obsolete God has been kicked downstairs he remains in the realms of darkness until he emerges into the daylight as a comic figure.

Gods are like old prize-fighters, They Never Come Back. As if uneasily aware that the religious side of the story is so much poppycock, Tallis has boosted up the "factual" side to justify it. What these people have been through! Gamma ray poisoning has played old harry with their sexual make-up to a point that makes swallowing Old Harry himself a trifling matter. As many monstrous births take place as normal ones (even pretty little Loola, the heroine, has an extra pair of nipples), and men and women come into season for a five-week heat period in the spring during which they enjoy sexual relations publicly and promiscuously. A rogue ten per cent. who are born into this nightmare are sexually pre-atomic and so crave love and permanent relationships: their society calls them "hots" and buries them alive or castrates them and enrols them in the priesthood. . . . Tallis' skill with scientific patter makes all this nonsense seem more convincing than the religious guff, but not even a towering genius could get away with the thesis that is his real concern. It is, quite incredibly, that his nasty set-up corresponds with the realities of human nature and that the atomic bomb has merely stripped California of its pretences. Own up, says Tallis, isn't sex just a degrading and traumatic experience, the penalty at the end of the otherwise pleasant business of courtship? Isn't the horror and shame of the loathsome act fatal to any really dignified relationship? And then look at the revolting consequences—the nightmare of birth, the defiling indignity of breast feeding . . . of napkins. . . . There is a good deal in the early part of the book, for which Mr. Huxley takes direct responsibility, about diapers, but there is no apparent realisation either on his part or Tallis' that there are two ends of a baby and that the end where the brains are is the interesting one. A writer must inevitably deal with his own experience when he gets to grips with reality; but individual experience as limited, and as unusual, as this should not be offered as truth of universal validity. Tallis's script quite irrationally equates the atomic bomb with virility and goes off into a screaming fit in which he describes the consequences of its use in language identical with that normally employed by the type of neurotic who rejects his virility with fear and loathing. It is difficult to feel that the book does more than that, or that it is of more than clinical interest.

ANTHONY WEST

REDEEMING THE TIME

Notes Towards the Definition of Culture.

By T. S. ELIOT. *Faber*. 10*s*. 6*d*.

In his verse Mr. Eliot by managing "to submit the shows of things to the desires of the mind" and "to buckle and bow the mind into the nature of things," refutes the theory that would set poetry against reason. But in these six essays and three broadcast lectures to the Germans, the nature of things, obedient so often to his poetic genius, shows itself intractable to his logic; and Mr. Eliot himself warns us that this is so: "the way of looking at culture and religion which I have been trying to adumbrate is so difficult that I am not sure I grasp it myself, except in flashes."

The illumination from these flashes is fitful. We have to grope our way along. We are not to think of religion and culture as separate things between which there is a relation; nor must we think of religion and culture as identical. "The culture of a people is the *incarnation* of its religion," yet we cannot assess the culture by the truth or falseness of its religion, or the religion by the excellence of its culture.

This seems to be tautological, but recalling *Thoughts After Lambeth* or some of his earlier statements on tradition, we see what he is getting at. Culture and religion are interchangeable terms in primitive societies. Canoe carvings and ceremonial masks support Mr. Eliot's formulation, and so, to a limited extent, do later cultural manifestations, such as mystery plays and the Book of Kells. They also suggest *magic*, a term avoided by Mr. Eliot, and magic has given way to more modern methods of controlling nature which we throw together, roughly but reasonably, under the name of science. Mr. Eliot would classify science as a part of culture: but it is a part of culture that, from age to age, has limited the power and scope of religion: and it justifies us in claiming that his way of looking at culture is not valid for societies in which new techniques have led to specialisation and differentiation of function.

We are dealing not with Mr. Eliot, the poet, not with Mr. Eliot the critic, but with Mr. Eliot in the role of his respected Athanasius, "one man defending his orthodoxy against the world." He conducts his defence skilfully, but that it is special pleading we can infer from the way he departs, when it suits him, from his own definitions.

Culture, he says, is the product of a whole community, and all manifestations are equally important, e.g.: "Derby Day, Henley Regatta, Cowes, the Twelfth of August, a cup-final, the dog races, the pin-table, the dart-board, Wensleydale cheese, boiled cabbage in sections, beetroot in vinegar, nineteenth-century Gothic churches, and the music of Elgar." In other words, culture is the way of life of a people, not of one leisured class or of one group of specialists in the arts. It is, simply, that which makes life worth living.

This point of view Mr. Eliot holds to when he is talking theoretically: as soon as he discusses present-day culture and what should be done about it, we notice a different and contradictory emphasis. Now culture is something "transmitted by the

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older universities," or by "*the* élite, the major part of which was drawn from the dominant class of the time, constituting the primary consumers of the works of thought and art produced by the minority members." There are higher and lower degrees of culture and we must not pretend that the higher kind of culture ought to be made accessible to everybody.

This way of looking at culture seems to contradict the earlier way: it is not easy to see how culture can be the *incarnation* of religion *and* the way of life of a whole people including pin-tables, cup-finals, etc., *and* a function of the rich and leisured. The confusion here is not that confusion Mr. Eliot too readily welcomes as being "inherent in the human condition." It is the confusion of a man defending a position which some part of his nature tells him cannot be held.

His dream of a hierarchical society in which the rich man in his castle and the poor man at the gate live in dignity and happiness, both equal and necessary parts of a harmonious society, cannot surely derive from any society he has read about. It serves, however, to strengthen his dislike of our growing egalitarianism. Today the high horse is riderless and the darkening flood empty even of its single swan. Mr. Eliot's pessimism leads him to state as facts opinions very much open to debate, such as: "The standards of culture are lower than they were fifty years ago; and the evidences of this decline are visible in every department of human activity." Is poetry worse than in 1900? Or architecture? Or music? Is human suffering intensified by advances in medicine?

Mr. Eliot has no time for these questions, being intent on turning us from our blind belief in the value of giving everyone a decent education. He tells us it is a dangerous dogma to believe that Education (a) makes people happier, (b) is something that everyone wants, or (c) should be organised so as to give 'equality of opportunity.' "A high average of general education is perhaps less necessary for a civil society than is a respect for learning," and the poor, who should have just enough education for the functions they are called upon to perform, ought not to be dissatisfied with their own culture, or strive to share in the culture of the rich and leisured.

It is not possible by logical methods to prove this view wrong, but experience is against it. Those whose parents made sacrifices to let them take up secondary school and university scholarships, know the frustration and unhappiness of others, equally intelligent, who were forced to start earning a living at the age of fourteen.

Mr. Eliot has prepared an answer in advance to this sort of argument: "If my notions conflict with any passionate faith of the reader—if, for instance, he finds it shocking that culture and equalitarianism should conflict, if it seems monstrous to him that anyone should have 'advantages of birth'—I do not ask him to change his faith, I merely ask him to stop paying lip-service to culture." We can admire the dexterity of this piece of rhetorical judo but we are not going to fall for it: there is less lip-service in our passionate belief in the future than in Mr. Eliot's nostalgia for a past that never was.

R. D. SMITH

READING WITHOUT TEARS

Children's Illustrated Books. By JANET ADAM SMITH. *Collins.* 5*s*.

Pictures for pleasure's sake are, it seems, a fairly recent concession in children's books. Miss Janet Adam Smith in her agreeable essay gives as the earliest date 1744, the year when John Newbery started publishing in London. Before then, chapbooks in the pedlar's pack (apart from inn-signs and stained glass windows) had been almost the only popular source of illustrations; even here, the blocks, used again and again, often bore no relation to the text. And the notion of what was suited to juvenile reading could be queer indeed.

> One of the conundrums in *A Riddle Book or Whetstone for Dull Wits* is "One Mouth, one Nose, two Charming Eyes, two Feet, two Hands, two Heads likewise"; then follows a cut of a plain angular young woman stiffly holding a flower, and the answer "A young Virgin, whose natural Head and Maidenhead make two."

Newbery (for whom Goldsmith wrote *Goody Two-Shoes*) had happier ideas, and his books, for all their moral purpose, were models of prettiness and good humour. His *Little Lottery Book,* for instance, designed to teach letters and figures, carries the warning: "We do order and strictly command all Gamesters and Gamblers whatever that the stakes they play for be either apples, oranges, raisins or gingerbread-nuts." Bewick was one of the favourite artists of those used by Newbery's many successors; it was his *History of British Birds,* Miss Adam Smith reminds us, that stirred the imagination of the child Jane Eyre with its woodcuts of lonely churchyards, and wrecked ships under a cold and ghastly moon. "Each picture told a story, mysterious often to my undeveloped understanding and imperfect feelings, yet ever profoundly interesting."

The nineteenth century, the great age of imaginative fiction for children, was also a great period for its illustration. It seems clear that most pictures not only take on the stature of their book, but live or die with it; how many people today are familiar with Tenniel's work for *Undine,* or even with Furniss's fine drawings for *Sylvie and Bruno*? In any case, it does appear that the best illustrations have been contemporary with the writing—whether, as with Lear, Thackeray and Thurber, they are the work of one hand, or the result of a collaboration between the artist and a rather dominant writer. Hughes' work for Macdonald is an outstanding imaginative achievement. Drawing for the author of *Alice* was a gruelling experience, and Tenniel, after completing *Through the Looking Glass,* retired from the battle. With that book, he cautiously explained, "the faculty of making drawings for book illustration has departed from me." "Dodgson is impossible!" he told Harry Furniss. "You will never put up with that conceited old Don for more than a week." The strain was understandable, for a Carroll creates his Tenniel. And Furniss, who after all put up with him for seven years, had the old Don's oddities but not much of his genius to contend with.

With a few exceptions (Tenniel drew in pencil on the wood; Cruikshank etched his illustrations for Grimm directly on to the plate) most work of nineteenth-century illustrators went through the hands of the engravers. Edmund Evans, the colour printer, was one of the first to persuade his artists—particularly Walter Crane, Kate Greenaway and Randolph Caldecott—to work with simple lines and flat washes which could be exactly reproduced. Apart from their merit as designers, these three show some interesting features in the taste of the '70s and '80s. Crane is of the Morris school, languorous and decorative; even his pigs are "aesthetically" dressed. Caldecott goes back to the rural England of squire and tenant. Ruskin was one of those who subscribed to the enormous cult for the prim neat drawings of Kate Greenaway; indeed, that taste for eighteenth-century dress which she and Caldecott shared is still responsible for the clothes of unhappy male children at fashionable weddings.

To write of recent work can be a tricky affair, and Miss Adam Smith picks her way over this invidious ground with some dexterity—a bouquet for Beatrix Potter, a frown for Arthur Rackham, a bold guess or two at our current immortals.

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Our own century, indeed, with its rampant good and bad taste, is a cultural curiosity, for never was so aesthetically conscious an age so assertively vulgar. Children are, in a sense, well served (though, I maintain, bad pictures are worse than no pictures); nursery books designed as a whole are plentiful and attractive, in spite of a frequent adult flippancy and sophistication, and a loss of simplicity as a result of the many technical advances. In the illustration of stories, however, there is little that is creatively outstanding. Bright and charming as many drawings are, they seem to be motivated by the art school and not by any inward vision. An air of pastiche—imitation Blake, imitation Doré, imitation Tenniel—is particularly pervasive in illustrations to non-contemporary books. About work on a lower level, which is far more plentiful, Miss Adam Smith makes no comment; it is, I think, an important omission. Looking at the many delightful reproductions in the fifty or so pages of her book, we may well wonder how it is possible for writers and publishers to allow an indifferent artist to stamp their work with the limits of his own imagination. The living writer, I believe, has only himself to blame. In the case of a "classic," the offence is unpardonable.

NAOMI LEWIS

THE HABSBURGS

The Habsburg Monarchy 1809-1918. By A. J. P. TAYLOR. *Hamish Hamilton.* 15s.

The Habsburg Empire was such an impossible historical monstrosity that it defied—and defies—historical explanation. Historians, whose *raison d'être* is to explain, faced by the inexplicable, have been in a quandary. Many have tried to evade the problem and their duty with a clever epigram or paradox; others, like the little girl looking at the hippopotamus in the Zoo, have murmured: "That bird's dead; come along." A few, without succeeding in explaining why the dead bird, which was really a hippopotamus, continued to live, analysed the facts with intelligence and knowledge, and so at least illuminated the darkness. I remember with what enthusiasm and relief, 36 years ago, I read Wickham Steed's book, *The Hapsburg Monarchy*, when it was first published. It still remains, I think, the most honest and intelligent book on the subject.

In 1941 Mr. A. J. P. Taylor wrote a book with the same title as Steed's, except for the substitution of a b for a p in the family name. He now republishes it, but it is no longer the same book, for it is much longer and has been completely rewritten. It has many merits. Like everything which Mr. Taylor writes, it is full of knowledge and thought, and the dough is leavened with the yeast of wit in the Oxford manner. He can never resist an epigram or a witticism, relevant or irrelevant:

> Aehrenthal was too proud to admit his carelessness; still more, he would not admit the incompetence of Forgács, the Minister in Belgrade, whose cocksure blundering would have brought him high place in any diplomatic service.

If there are any who still think that the historical dough should be solid and the bread unleavened, they may be irritated by Mr. Taylor's persistent puckishness, but they would be wise to bear with it. For though I think that he is overfond of the technique of provocativeness, which, when used too often, becomes a bore to the reader and blinkers to the writer, he has a wide and profound knowledge of his subject and that gift of historical intuition which enables him, in most cases, to seize upon the most important factors in complicated historical events. The intuition is indispensable for any one who professes to explain the Habsburg monarchy and the "Austrian problem," for, at any rate during the 70 years between 1848 and 1918, Mr. Taylor's subject is a historical monstrosity of incredible political and ethnographic complication, a series of events as complicated and irrational as the monster, and a gallery of ludicrous actors. And, to add to the difficulty, what seemed upon the surface to be obviously an unending *opéra bouffe* was in fact one of the greatest tragedies of European history.

The great merit of Mr. Taylor's book is that he finds his way with unerring skill through this labyrinth. As one fantastic situation follows another, he explains with immense thoroughness and admirable lucidity the exact balance of political or national forces and the personal passions, ambitions, and idiosyncracies which produced the grotesque, but dangerous, kaleidoscope of February Patents following October Diplomas, so that the reader probably for the first time at least can understand "Who's in, who's out," if not "the mystery of things." Mr. Taylor has, in fact, only one serious defect, and it is concerned with the mystery of things. He is almost entirely unaware of it, partly because, like Forgács, he is too cocksure (though not, like him, a blunderer), and partly because he seems to have little or no sympathy for or understanding of human frailties. His book is written to prove a thesis, namely, that the "Austrian problem" was "in essence simple: the Habsburg Monarchy and nationalism were incompatible, no real peace was possible between them." I have no doubt that the thesis is true, and, as I have said, the book is an extremely brilliant and successful proof of it (though I think the thesis should really have been . "The Habsburg Monarchy was incompatible both with nationalism and with democracy"). Yet one feels, as one reads, that there is some vital thing lacking in his historical picture and explanation, something which was there in the events and explained them, but to which Mr. Taylor is blind. It is something in the psychology of individual human beings which Mr. Taylor overlooks. It is remarkable that there is hardly one single human being of the hundreds whom he mentions for whom he has an appreciative word (Masaryk is one exception), and the general impression which he leaves with one is that Austria-Hungary was a Sodom and Gomorrah of stupidity and dishonesty.

It is, I suppose, impossible to exaggerate the depths of stupidity which human beings, particularly statesmen, can attain, but it is not true that even non-British professors are as consistently stupid and dishonest as they appear in this book. If Mr. Taylor had for a moment considered our own handling of the "Irish problem" and compared it with the Austrian, he might have noticed that there is something vital lacking in his analysis. There were 30 Irish problems hopelessly entangled in Austria-Hungary, and these problems are oversimplified by Mr. Taylor so that they can only be explained by simplifying individual psychology into un edeemed stupidity, cupidity, and dishonesty. But nationalism and democracy are not mere words which dishonest

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LEONARD WOOLF

ESSAYS

Comments 1944-1948. By HAROLD NICOLSON. *Constable.* 8s. 6d.

Every Idle Dream. By BERNARD DARWIN. *Collins.* 12s. 6d.

Still Talking at Random. By DOUGLAS WOODRUFF. *Hollis & Carter.* 6s.

The essay, which has in the past provided some of the secondary glories of English literature, has degenerated in our time into a specialised form of Eng. Lit. journalism, dying of its occupational maladies of urbanity, cosiness, nostalgia, and personality-mongering. Mr. Harold Nicolson, who has for a number of years been contributing a series of essays to the *Spectator*, has by this routine exposed to infection the sense and sensibility, the seriousness, and the style of his earlier, and presumably more leisurely and devoted, books. He does not always escape. " I shall not, I trust, be accused by my Soviet friends of diversionary activities if I suggest—," etc. But it is not of course surprising that Mr. Nicolson should fall sometimes into this verbose coyness : what is surprising is that, on the whole, he should do it so seldom.

He has a wide range of subjects ; the cremation of Shelley, Jan Masaryk, the National Gallery, Thomas Mann, the Balfour Declaration, Thucydides. To this diversity of subject Mr. Nicolson brings a diversity of talents. As a practising politician he writes about politics with responsibility ; as a former diplomat he can contribute specialised knowledge ; while as a writer he has responses to classical antiquity, to Goethe and James Joyce, to the culture of France and the guilt of Germany, which are direct, unacademic and unofficial. It would be a pity, for instance, if it were overlooked by admirers of the genius of Picasso, and particularly by those whose service has not taken them out of the rear areas, that Mr. Nicolson has for a long time been holding an exposed position in the front line, and in one of the essays in this book has been conducting a spirited action well inside enemy territory.

Mr. Nicolson's warfare is not however usually of the raiding kind : it is underground warfare. Inside the defences of official and political England he does his best to cut the communications of timidity, aesthetic torpor, and philistinism. It is known about this kind of warfare that it is one in which, with few contacts with comrades and cut off from superiors, there are temptations to inactivity and compromise. Still, it is admirable in such circumstances to be fighting at all, and some temptations which seem to claim a lot of people nowadays don't claim Mr. Nicolson. He remembers Brideshead without nostalgia, and doesn't remember the port at Balliol as being as good as Dr. Joad thinks it was. What *was* good about Balliol he wants to be shared by as many people as possible, and what is more he doesn't want this only in the abstract ; he wants it most when he actually revisits Balliol and sees State scholars there.

Mr. Bernard Darwin, as is well-known, writes about sport ; in *Every Idle Dream* he writes also about the Cotswolds, Sherlockiana, A Day in Bed, At the Club, Colour and Colours, and many similar subjects. I found his book richly evocative : it evoked the Thirties. This, it seems to me, was one of their typical background noises, the background of Hitler's speeches reported in the superior Sunday newspapers, along with Mr. Burgin's visit to Coventry, the review of the new Lord Peter, and the advertisements of cruises up the Amazon. And now, when so much has been blown away in the storm of the world, Mr. Darwin still goes on, still writing about the Dormy House and Jeeves, and " the dark blue and silver of the illustrious Third Trinity Boat Club." I find however that the poison has gone out of my relationship with Mr. Darwin's type of book, and even the quote that says he writes " in the grand manner of Hazlitt " won't draw me.

Still Talking at Random is not a collection of essays, but a commonplace-book. It is addressed to Catholics with a taste for High Table conversation—historical anecdote, personal reminiscence, political comment. There is a journalistic art which consists in handing out miscellaneous information in an acceptable form, and which is either very simple or very sophisticated. Boys' magazines used to provide samples of the former (" If all the centenarians in Persia were laid end to end . . ."); the editorial columns of the *New Yorker* provide examples of the latter. Mr. Woodruff is very good at it. The history is of course propagandist in effect ; so are many of the anecdotes. The propaganda is on the whole skilful and inoffensive, but there are curious lapses from efficiency.

> But I do not think it can be denied that writers are no longer the unselfconcious and free creators they used to be when Hornung was writing *Raffles* . . . I do not suppose the editor of *Punch* would dream of printing *Baboo Jabergee, B.A.*, if some present-day Anstey were so simple as to write such sketches and bring them along.

This seems to me like sabotage in the mission field.

There is no personality-mongering in this book ; Mr. Woodruff is an unobtrusive journalist. But there is a special variety of cosiness ; Catholic cosiness, an atmosphere of jolly hagiology and little jokes about images and graces. When this comes in it is perhaps natural that to a non-Catholic reader Mr. Woodruff's wit should seem to deliquesce a little. I do not on the other hand put it forward as anything but a personal reaction that towards the end of the book I was reminded of a remark made in *The Heart of the Matter*—" I'm sorry for anyone happy and ignorant who gets mixed up in that way with one of us."

J. D. SCOTT

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

Symphony. Prokofiev : *No. 5 in B flat major, Op* 100 (New York Phil-Sym/Rodzinski. LX 1147-51). The famous *Classical Symphony* is Prokofiev's No. 1; Nos. 2, 3 and 4, which all belong to the Twenties, seem to have faded out. The Fifth, written in 1944 after a symphonic gap of 15 years, and after his return to Russia, is evidently a serious attempt to achieve something big. Fortunately, this composer has too much taste to fill out his design with bombast in the new Soviet " monumental " manner; all four movements hold our interest, though the captivating Scherzo and brilliant Finale sound more spontaneous than their slower companions. This attractive work receives a performance of such virtuosity that Prokofiev's always effective scoring sounds like a million dollars; the recording, though it stings a little now and then at *fortissimi* and loses some woodwind detail in the slow movement, catches well the bold range of colour, and above all the splendid sheen and strength of the American strings.

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AK 2075-8). **Mozart**: *Violin Concerto in D major, K 218* (Heifetz/RPO/Beecham) DB 6678-80). The Decca set of Mozart's famous C minor Concerto is, on the whole, a great success, and must be allowed to have superseded both the still available pre-war versions, by Fischer and Casadesus. And yet there is surely more passion, more vitality and energy, in this work than any of the pianists or conductors concerned have quite given us; above all at the climactic point of the first movement, where we should be shaken rather than charmed. The recording is spacious and easy, but wood-wind and kettledrums are kept too far in the background, sometimes to the point of inaudibility; I specially miss a firm bassoon bass in the many passages where the wood-wind play, serenade-wise, on their own. The Violin Concerto is the one which many virtuosi have recorded: notably Kreisler (twice), Menuhin and Szigeti. The new version is well recorded, and the soloist's performance has all the charm and fluency we expect from Heifetz; but the slow movement is rather strenuously phrased; I'm not sure (speaking only from memory) that there wasn't a more truly Mozartian distinction about the old Columbia set (Szigeti and Beecham) which is still available.

Overtures, Etc. Beethoven: *Coriolan* (LPO/Schuricht. K 2079). Wagner: *Lohengrin* (Philharmonia/Kletzki. LX 1153). Auber: *Bronze Horse* (NSO/Olof. K 1325). Strauss: *Pizzicato Polka* and *Radetzky March* (Philharmonia/Krips. Col DB 2485). Still not the ideal *Coriolan*: excellently recorded, but sleepy rather than menacing, and marred by a slip in the first violins which ought not to have been passed. Absence of real unanimity in the high *divisi* strings, plus the characteristic English anaemia in this department, prevent Kletzki's *Lohengrin* from being first-rate; this divine music requires American strings and English recording; meanwhile, it would be interesting to hear the quite recent Toscanini version. The *Bronze Horse* is a jolly piece, played with plenty of dash, and the same can be said of the well-worn *Radetzky March;* but the *Pizzicato Polka* is in another class: irresistible!

Sonatas and Solo Piano. Mozart: *Piano Sonata in B flat major*, K 333 (Lili Kraus. R. 20566-7). Kabalevsky: *Piano Sonata No.* 3, *Op* 46 (Moiseiwitsch. C 3829-30). Beethoven: *Piano Sonata in F minor, Op* 57 (*"Appassionata"*) (Kentner. DX 1543-5). Brahms: *Violin Sonata in A major, Op* 100 (Kulenkampff/Solti) AK 2083-5). Galuppi: *Presto* and Debussy: *Reflets dans l'eau* (Michelangeli. DB 6859). The Mozart, like so many of Mme Kraus's recordings, is new to the catalogues, and well worth doing, with its rich slow movement and sparkling concerto-like finale. The performance is full of point and vivacity, the piano tone a little dead. In the Kabalevsky Sonata, on the other hand, the tone is exceptionally true and brilliant, and seems to do full justice to Moiseiwitsch's high-spirited performance. The music is light-weight and of considerable charm, especially the Poulenc-like opening theme and its subsequent treatment; the finale, though, is rather trivial. Kentner's *"Appassionata"* is one of his more successful essays in Beethoven, a composer with whom he is apt to show imperfect sympathy; but despite the advantages of modern recording, it cannot compare for grandeur and authority with the Fischer set, which was recorded in his best days and is still available. Kulenkampff's recent death was a great loss to music, and it is to be hoped that there are more of his records in the Decca cellars. The A major Brahms Sonata is as well played as the G major, which was issued a year or so ago, with the same pianist, but for some curious reason not nearly so satisfactory in point of reproduction. A lack of body and sustained tone in the piano part, which strikes us at once in the opening theme, is in marked contrast to the well-nourished sound of the chords at the beginning of the slow movement of the earlier sonata. The fault is persistent enough to make us reflect that the Busch-Serkin version of 1933 is still good, and has the additional virtue of getting the sonata on to two records instead of three. Readers of Browning who have long wanted to hear a little Galuppi need not be too disappointed because Michelangeli's selection is not a Toccata; it is enchanting (very like Scarlatti) and it does oscillate (just as we had hoped) between grave and gay. Michelangeli's playing is a miracle of rhythmic and dynamic control; his Debussy, though full of delicate touches, is a little cloudy and uneven.

Choral. John Ireland: *These Things Shall Be* (Parry Jones/Hallé Choir and Orch/Barbirolli. C 3826-7). Don't mind what I say about this: it happens to be the dead opposite of everything I like. J. A. Symonds's quatrains in celebration of a peaceful, scientific future are as flat as a rationalist hymn-book; the wonder is that Ireland could make anything of the poem at all. To my mind, the most attractive music is to be found in the orchestral interludes; but the emphatic outbursts of jubilant aspiration, with choir and band all out in a grand Elgarian E flat hullabaloo, show the English school at its most provincial. Being well performed and well recorded, this pair of discs should satisfy anyone who likes the music.

Vocal. Bellini: *Puritani—Qui la voce and* Donizetti: *Don Pasquale—Quel guardo* (Carosio. DB 6858). Puccini: *Tosca—Love Duet, Act I* (Quartararo/Vinay. DB 6857). Verdi: *Simon Boccanegra —Il lacerato spirito* and *Ernani—Infelice* (Raphael Arie. K 2086). Tchaikovsky: *Joan of Arc—"Air des adieux"* (in Russian) (Eugenia Zareska. K 2087). Grétry: *Zémire et Amor—La Fauvette* (Lily Pons LX 1152). Donizetti: *La Favorita—Spirito gentil* and Flotow: *Marta—M'appari* (Ferendinos. DX 1546). Donizetti: *Don Pasquale—Bella siccome un angelo* and Rossini: *Barbiere—Largo al factotum* (William Dickie. E 11463). Bellini: *Dolente immagine di fille mia* and Verdi: *Stornello* (Gatti. DA 1903). Schumann: *Requiem, Erstes Grün* and *Frühlingsnacht* (Flora Nielsen. C 3831). Vaughan Williams: *Linden Lea* and Handel: *Silent Worship* (Nash. B 9719).

Although Mme Carosio's voice has hardly the velvety timbre demanded by the great soprano *scena* from *I Puritani*, I cannot remember (anyhow, since Boronat) a more touching and exquisite gramophone performance of this celestial music; she cuts the subsequent *Vien diletto* altogether, thus giving herself time to dwell on each beauty of the Andante with loving deliberation; London must really be allowed to witness this impersonation on the stage. Her *Quel guardo,* though some high notes are too violently attacked, is also stylish. Ramon Vinay, now well known in the part of Otello, sings Cavaradossi's music in a monotonous *fortissimo;* the voice is robust, the art slender. His curiously-named partner strikes me as a Tosca much above the current average; she does some beautiful things, as well as a few that are less happy. On the whole, an enjoyable, meaty record. Mr. Arie's Verdi is a little disappointing after his startling debut in Khan Kontchak's *scena* from *Prince Igor;* but he cannot be blamed for the unpardonable omission of the chorus in the *Boccanegra music* (the same which Howell Glynne recorded last month), or for the small blunder that crept in when the chorus parts were transcribed for the woodwind. The Ernani side is altogether superior. The lovely, elegiac Tchaikovsky aria has long been wanted. This recording is notable for its fine orchestral playing (LPO under Martinon) and for its unhurried "theatre" tempi, particularly at the transition from recitative to aria; Mme Zareska, though not ideally smooth or easy, catches the mood admirably. Grétry's bird song is a pretty thing, but so ill sung by Mme Pons as to provoke hilarity rather than pleasure. Tano Ferendinos, as before, seems to promise, in his opening phrases, more than he can quite fulfil; greatly gifted, he evidently hasn't yet arrived. William Dickie, a familiar name at the Cambridge Theatre, is very pleasant and smooth in the charming *Don Pasquale* aria;

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